

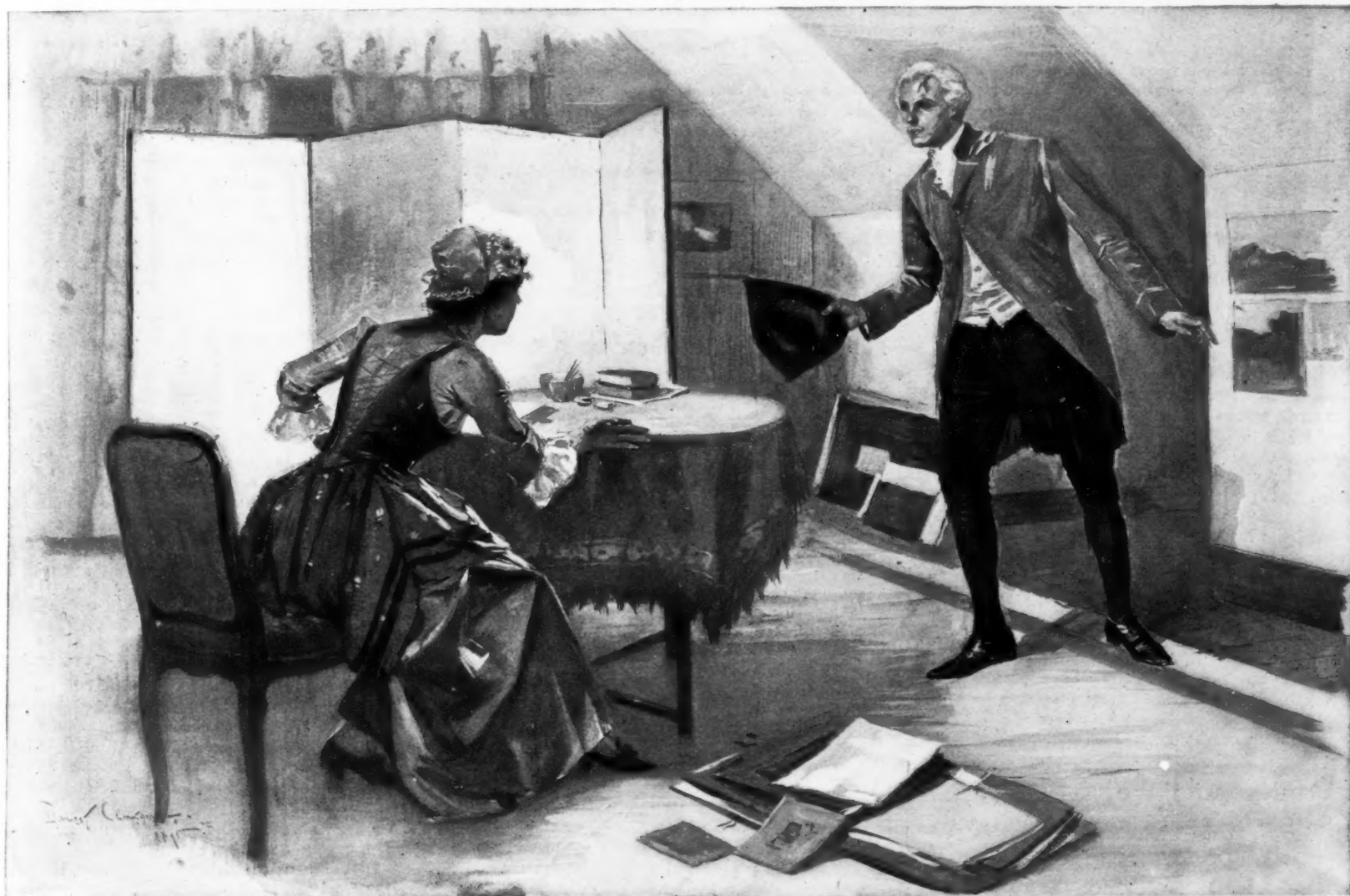
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"Hush, mademoiselle!" he said, as she rose to her feet. "I will not harm you."

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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I. A FUGITIVE.

FROM the chaos of a blood-thirsty revolt that made itself heard in cries of despair and the clamor of battle, there suddenly started into the light of Marie Bruyset's lamp the fugitive, Jaffray Ellicott.

"Hush, mademoiselle!" he said, as she rose to her feet. "I will not harm you."

"What do you want?" the girl exclaimed, her hand upon the handle of the door.

"Sanctuary!" he replied, blowing out the light and seizing her as he spoke.

"Help!" half cried the girl, the remaining half of the exclamation being stifled by the fugitive pressing his hand over her mouth, that was far too pretty and sweet for such rough usage.

"I will not harm you, mademoiselle," he whispered, his breath coming and going in gasps.

He bolted the door. She made no struggle. There was something reassuring in his voice and touch. A fugitive sure enough, and in mortal peril, judging from the shouts of execration that followed him—to pass on, however, and become a distant murmur. He was only a youngster, but he held the girl with the grip of a man.

Carried out of his way by the human tide of marching men with pikes and fusils into the storming of the Tuileries, he had had many a narrow escape. Once, when he might have saved himself, the figure of Count de Fournier, tossed hither and thither like a gallant ship with streamers flying, held him a fascinated spectator. All remembrance of the mission which he had received from this daring friend of the throne had been knocked out of him.

When at last there was a lull in the storm and Sansculottism was plundering its dead, Jaffray bethought him of his interrupted mission, very late in the day—too late, for even at that moment he found himself suddenly thrown amongst a mob of the hunted and the hunters, the object of a sudden animosity. Good fortune flung him aside into the darkness of the Rue Barnabé, while the rest of the yelling mob passed on. Projected from a human tempest into the calm of an unsuspected creek, he caught sight of Marie Bruyset's lamp, climbed a rain-spout, and from its grotesque gargoyle swung himself upon a friendly balcony among the picturesque buildings of the Rue Barnabé, and here he was.

"Believe me, I will not harm you," said the fugitive, now recovering his breath, but denying the girl a similar privilege, if silent, lips, "but you must be quiet. I am hunted by a pack of wolves, though I am the veriest sheep; if I release you, will you keep silent? Nod your head if you mean 'Yes.' I am very sorry to be so exacting."

She nodded her head. He removed his hand.

"You are very rough," she said, "and have no right to bring me into your troubles."

"I will not; only let me remain a few minutes and I will be gone."

"Permit me to light the lamp," said the girl.

"No—for heaven's sake!" said Ellicott, straining every nerve to catch any further sounds of the return of his pursuers. "I am not afraid to die, but my life belongs to others."

Distant noises of bells and guns and murmurs of far-away voices broke upon the silence of the garret, but there was nothing strange in this. So long as the street below was quiet, the fugitive felt that for the time being he was safe; and Marie Bruyset had become accustomed to the "immeasurable Briareus wrestle" that was going on around the Rue Barnabé, situated as it was between the Pont Neuf and the Rue St. Honoré, and, from her long attic window under the roof, disclosing glimpses of the Seine and the Palais de Justice. Between the Rue Barnabé and the river a net-work of courts and alleys and dark thoroughfares straggled to the Pont Neuf and finished there in a higgledy-piggledy complication of little shops and stalls doing a miscellaneous trade in roasted chestnuts, pancakes, second-hand books, quack-medicines, light drinks, and heavy pastry.

Early on that fatal morning of the 10th of August, 1792, the squadron on the Pont Neuf had withdrawn itself from royal duty and admitted bands of "black-browed Marseilles" and bellying patriots from Saint Marceau to join the sections of St. Antoine and the other federates of the insurrection, summoned

(Continued on page 118.)

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TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

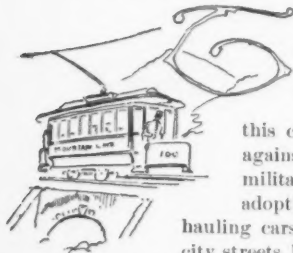
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The Chinese Massacres.



It was to be expected, the Chinese authorities are seeking to avoid responsibility for the recent horrid butchery of missionaries at Kucheng. This massacre appears to have been peculiarly atrocious, some of the victims having been subjected, before being killed, to indescribable outrages and tortures. This was especially the case with the women and children, who pleaded in vain for mercy. All the facts in the case, as far as ascertained, go to show that the attacks upon the missionaries were due to the influence of the mandarins and higher officials. The first attack was made while the missionaries were asleep, and the charred bodies of some of the victims were found in the ruins of their burned homes. The government has made a pretense of investigation, and promises to put the murderers to death, but all past experience justifies the belief that nothing effective will really be done to bring the offenders to punishment. In all previous massacres a similar pretense has been made, but, so far as we recall, there is no instance on record where the actually guilty parties were punished as they deserved. It is to be hoped that the British government will persist in the demands it has made for full reparation for the outrage, and that the United States will make its influence positively felt in the direction of affording protection to American missionaries and their property everywhere throughout China. We have or we have not the power to protect American citizens, wherever they may be found, against outrage and violence. It is time that we should demonstrate once for all our determination to assure their immunity against assault, no matter from what quarter it may come. And in the larger and wider view, that the interests of civilization are involved in these inhuman butcheries, it goes without saying that the pagan government of China should no longer be permitted to shilly-shally in the matter of its international obligations.

Trolleys and Water-Power.



THE trolley method of electric propulsion is likely to be a great and valuable factor in the development of the rural sections of this country. The prejudice against overhead wires which militates against the universal adoption of this cheap method of hauling cars over railroads in crowded city streets has no force in the country, where there can be no real objection to them. The danger in the cities does not really come from the electric current in the overhead wires, but from the careless speed at which the cars are run. Where hundreds of persons have been killed by being run over, very few indeed have been injured by coming in contact with live wires which have become loosened from the poles. Speed, however, is desirable in the country, and comparatively free from danger. The one thing which prevents the immediate extension of such roads in every direction in the country is the cost of building and the expense of operating the lines. If the cost of operation could be materially reduced, then that of building would not long stand in the way. And in very many parts of the country, even where traffic would be quite light, this cost of operating could be reduced to very small dimensions.

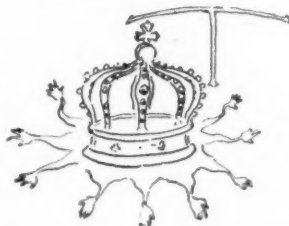
It used to be, when each neighborhood did its own milling and manufacturing, that nearly all of the available water-powers were utilized. But with the extension of the great transportation lines and the consolidation of manufacturing interests into large and dominating companies, very many of the smaller water-powers were abandoned, and are now completely or almost fallen into disuse. This appears to be a time when nearly all of these powers could again be used to advantage and made to generate the electricity which might serve to feed the wires of trolley lines of railroad. Though it is quite true that from one source of power a line of fifteen miles or so of trolley railroad can be economically operated, it is not at all necessary that the power should all be directed from one point. If along a projected line there is not one water-power sufficient in quantity and constancy for the purpose, there is no reason why it should not be gathered from several such sources, if such sources be available. This, too, could be done

without very seriously adding to the cost, as it is not to be presumed that trolley lines in the country would be operated save in the day-time. Therefore, there would be no necessity for several shifts of men to look after the water-wheels and the generators.

The New York Central road, which owns lines of railway in the neighborhood of the St. Lawrence River, is looking into the question of utilizing the water-powers that are so abundant in the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, with the idea of harnessing this power and generating electricity for the operation of the lines or railway alluded to. This will mean the substitution of electric motors for steam motors on these railways. If this can be done successfully—and electrical engineers appear to have no doubts as to its practicability—then it must be absolutely certain that the trolley lines in the country, where there is a constant water-power, and where light passenger-cars can be used, would be not only quite possible, but also reasonably profitable, both to the owners and to those who would be patrons of the lines.

The conditions of life in the country appear to be growing always less rather than more pleasant. Much of this is no doubt due to the fact that many things that were formerly superfluous luxuries have now become indispensable necessities. But this is quite right and in accordance with the prevailing march of progress. These country people should have these luxurious necessities within their reach, and not be cut off from the rest of the world by distance and old-fashioned and expensive methods of transportation. Where there is water-power the trolley appears to be the best way to bring them into a close touch with the great bustling world from which they are now partially secluded.

Monopolistic Tendencies Abroad.



HERE is a distinct tendency in the continental countries of Europe toward the absorption by the State of all the functions of industry, production, and public service. The root of this tendency is found in the need of money with which to carry on the operations of government and keep abreast of modern progress in the utilities of civilization. In all these countries taxation has reached its limit. Other sources of supply must be found. The support of armies, the enlargement of fleets, the introduction of facilities of intercommunication, the improvement of sanitary conditions, the establishment of schools and universities, which are becoming increasingly necessary, involve enormous outlay. Out of this condition it has come to pass that suggestions which seem to us wild and extravagant are finding ready adoption. The government of France, for instance, which has already become the sole manufacturer of matches, is now considering whether it will not establish a monopoly of spirits, of tea and coffee, and of other articles, like pepper and mustard, which enter into general consumption. In Germany one of the leading parties demands that the State shall become the exclusive importer of edibles, which would carry with it, of course, a regulation of the prices of bread and meat. The demand in this case is that the profit shall be distributed in different forms of aid to the distressed classes. It is in Russia, however, that this tendency finds its most radical expression. According to a recent article in the London *Daily News*, the Minister of Finance of the empire is so possessed of the monopolistic spirit that he has already absorbed practically all the railways in the country, and, like Joseph in the time of the Pharaohs, has accumulated immense stocks of corn, having purchased all the surplus product, and will at no distant day have absolute control of the export trade. Not only so, but he proposes to monopolize the trade in wine, sugar, and imported spirits, and then to become the great middleman for the sale everywhere of coal. This latter purpose is already fully announced, and depots have been formed on the Black Sea and the Baltic, and also at important central points in the interior. The obvious effect of this policy will be to crush out private competition, and to invest the government with a monopoly of all the interests referred to.

Any undertakings of the radical character here indicated would, of course, provoke in this country, in the present state of public opinion, almost universal disapproval. It is to be remembered, however, that in European countries the socialistic spirit has acquired wide foothold, and that as a consequence proposals of the character mentioned not only do not excite much alarm, but, if entered upon vigorously, may even prove to be popular. The London *Spectator*, in a thoughtful article on this general subject, refers as follows to the probable effect of the policies which have been announced as in contemplation:

"Taxation through monopoly does not meet on the continent with the resistance it would encounter here, while it is supported in a rather singular way by the opinion of great sections of the people. All men who are tinged in any degree with socialist opinions believe that the state ought to take many branches of industry entirely into its own hands, and use the profits so obtained in reduction of taxes which press on the poor. If, therefore, a government proposes, say to monopolize coal, the Socialists are not irritated, while the better class is pleased at the relief from a threatened income-tax; and the peasantry, who are not

rich, and not Socialist, hope that they may secure from the resulting revenue some relief for their distressed condition. Active resistance is, therefore, confined to the traders in the article absorbed; and on the continent the only traders who can defeat governments are the traders in money. The dealers in foreign corn or in spirits or in spices have no control of any voting class, and no means of exciting so much as a riot, not to mention insurrection, in any important locality. The governments, therefore, in resorting to this form of taxation, would be rather popular than unpopular with the masses and the upper class, while it is by no means certain that they would seriously injure the community. Some commercial careers would be closed, but they would not be many, for the modern tendency of all business is to concentrate itself in few hands, while the work of distribution would go on as before, though in a somewhat different way."

Even in England, if the *Spectator* is correct in its statement of public opinion, the extension of the functions of the state as trader for the sake of revenue is likely to be an issue in the near future. It believes, for instance, that the purchase and operation of the railways by the government may result from the pressure of influences which are steadily gaining strength. It thinks, too, that "it is a fair question whether the state would not be the best insurer, both against death and fire"; and that there are other businesses in which the state, as trader, would have enormous advantages. The predictions here indulged in may be realized much sooner than some people expect. No doubt the agitation in this country in behalf of national control of the telegraph and other departments of the public service will be accentuated by the movements now in progress in European countries; and if they should prove to be as successful as their originators anticipate, it may ultimately be difficult to prevent the absorption by the government of the control of some enterprises which are now altogether of a private and individual character.

The "Silverite" Nomenclature.

THE pronunciation of the word "shibboleth" was, in the older Biblical times, the test of the individual's clan-ship; and in our Civil War era the pronunciation of "cow"—if it was "kaio"—informed the Missouri knight of the border beyond all doubt that the speaker was a New England "Yankee."

In something the same way the speech of the silver-worshiper betrays him—if not by its accent, then by the curious sentiment and hallucination embodied in its current phraseology. No one not affected by the silver craze, for instance, would talk seriously and with heat in advocacy of "An American Financial System." Yet this is the topic that was gaseously discussed not long ago, in one of our monthly reviews; and with a wildness of assumption and statement that would have made acknowledged bedlamism seem rational.

This use of the phrase implies that there can really be a wholesome system of finance established in the United States, by reason of the "bigness" of the country, whose principles shall traverse all the economic facts which civilization has discovered and experienced. Now, there is no use of arguing about this. It is only necessary to say that you might as well ask for an American attraction of gravitation, or an American multiplication-table, as to butt against the facts which this writer rides over, and has no apparent comprehension of.

To speak of but one detail: he mentions, incidentally, "eight hours" as the length fixed by nature for a day's labor; and does it as omnisciently as did the delegate at the Memphis silver convention who asserted that the Lord had filled the mountains of the earth with silver and gold at the exact ratio of sixteen to one, for the everlasting benefit of mankind. By what clairvoyant or theosophical agency such "facts" are discovered it baffles mere ordinary mortals to tell—though it is not surprising that the writer of the review article referred to should proclaim Senator Jones to be the greatest financial scholar and expert in the world.

Another silver advocate, who hails from Colorado, in writing to the *Herald's* editorial-page series of political communications, talks of "the coinage of silver at its constitutional ratio." It is the Constitution, and not "the mountains," that has fixed the sixteen-to-one ratio for him. What superlative nonsense! There can no more be a "constitutional ratio" for silver, or any other ratio that will remain, than there can be one for the thermometer and the climate. This particular writer also calls silver "primary money," and the farmers' silverapostle, "Coin," makes silver a primate, or Pope, too. "Primary money" is a vague phrase; and whether you interpret it as meaning the first money in use, or the money whose value is made the initial one for fixing the value of the other metals used with it as currency, it is both fallacious and meaningless. In some countries silver has had no place, primary or other. Leather, iron, and other things have crowded it out, as silver is now trying to crowd gold out of this country. Its only primacy really consists in its being the cause of a first-class or primary delusion.

But the silver tide is ebbing, and it will presently be a matter for profound wonder how it ever happened that the attempt to ally us with Mexico and China in an economic heresy against the civilized world and all the teachings of human experience, ever mustered a dozen advocates.

The Armenian Question.

THERE is no doubt that public opinion in Great Britain has been profoundly stirred by the Turkish outrages upon the Christians in Armenia. Studied efforts appear to have

been made in government circles to create the impression that the reports of these outrages were exaggerated, but the latest definite and authoritative statements fully confirm the original accounts, showing the butchery to have been almost unprecedented in its savagery. Mr. Gladstone's address at the recent popular demonstration in Chester has greatly quickened the public feeling, and it is difficult to see how the government can much longer postpone the adoption of a definite policy in the matter. As he pointed out, the Powers have the right, under the treaty of 1856, to march into Armenia and take the government of the country out of the hands of Turkey; while under the treaty of 1878 the Sultan is bound to carry out reforms. If he shall now refuse to put in operation the reformatory measures suggested by the Powers, it would seem that they ought at once to exercise their treaty rights to enforce obedience on his part to treaty obligations. There can be no doubt at all that the British government would have the support of the entire nation in any measures it might adopt to secure in Armenia reforms guaranteeing to the people safety of life and property and freedom of religious belief. It may be that Lord Salisbury, in his pronounced conservatism, may feel disinclined to resort to extreme measures, but it is certain that he will weaken himself with the people if he shall hesitate to meet their demands.



A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Sun* suggests that no more appropriate name could be given to the sister ship of the new *Kearsarge* than *Paul Jones*. He calls attention to the fact that an act of Congress passed in 1834 authorized the construction of a first-class frigate to be called by that name, but nothing seems to have come of it. The suggestion is a good one. Nothing could be more fitting than the perpetuation in this way of the great historic names which have been associated with our naval annals.

THE free-silver element of the Democratic party in Missouri has gained a very complete triumph over the sound-money sentiment, and at a recent State convention, which was largely attended, reorganized the State committee so as to place the party machinery entirely under their control, and declared flatly in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver as the doctrine of the party. Representative Bland was the dominating force in this very decisive overthrow of the sound-money men, many of whom entreated him in vain to pursue a moderate policy, lest the party should be disintegrated and brought to defeat. In the State of Iowa the free-silver Democrats are pursuing an equally aggressive course, manifesting extreme bitterness toward Mr. Cleveland and his "hirelings,"—meaning thereby those members of the party who stand for an honest currency. They failed, however, to control the recent State convention, which nominated a Cleveland sound-money man for Governor.

THE State of Texas has made such great progress in the last few years, and there has been such tolerance of opinion, and, generally, such kindly relations between the blacks and whites, that we read with surprise of the recent outrage in Delta County of that State, where the negroes were driven out pell-mell, under threats of violence from a "white-cap" organization. Simultaneously with the publication of these notices others were posted, announcing that every white person who undertook to protect the blacks would meet with the same fate. As a result, there was a stampede among the negroes, who left everything behind them. A press dispatch states that in a radius of five miles two thousand acres of lands, crops and all, were abandoned, and that thousands of acres of the finest farming lands in the State will lie idle in consequence of this exodus. We are reluctant to believe that an outrage of this character commands the sympathy of any great body of the Texas people, and we can hardly doubt that the authorities will take measures to see that the interests of the outraged blacks are properly protected against the intolerance of the organization which is responsible for this blot upon the State escutcheon.

THE insurrection in Cuba maintains itself against all the efforts of General Campos to arrest its progress. There seems to be no doubt that the Spanish forces were very seriously crippled in the engagement between Manzanillo and Bayamo. This fact is clearly attested by the circumstance that after the engagement the captain general, who had taken refuge with his troops in Bayamo, was obliged to sue the insurgent chief for the privilege of sending men to the field to remove his wounded. It speaks well for the humanity of the insurgents that the permission asked for was immediately granted, and that the Spaniards not only were permitted to take away their wounded from the field, but were also allowed to remove those to whom the insurgents themselves had given hospital attention. General Campos is alleged to have been greatly pleased with the action of Maceo, the insurgent leader, and by way of reciprocating his good offices set at liberty all the political prisoners in one of the towns under Spanish control,

General Campos frankly admitted, when a reception was tendered him on his return to Santiago de Cuba, that the times were not favorable for demonstrations of this sort; and it is quite apparent that he has found the work before him much more serious than he had at first imagined it would be.

THE people of Tacoma, the brisk and progressive city of the equally progressive State of Washington, are applying the principle of protection in a practical way. They have decided that they are able to produce everything which is needed for their home consumption, and they have, accordingly, organized for the purpose of building up domestic industries by buying and selling at home rather than abroad. The women of the town seem to have initiated the new idea, and as the result of their efforts the board of trade took it up, and now a State co-operative society has been established, every member of which pledges himself to patronize State and home products and manufactures. In the furtherance of this idea every street in the city has been canvassed, and every housekeeper has been interested. In their purchases, preference is always given to home products. As a result of this concerted action many small industries and trades are being stimulated, and the general prosperity very decidedly augmented. It is intimated that the experiment having been so satisfactory in its results, it may be widened so as to encourage the establishment of more important interests, such as pork-packing in a wholesale way, with a view not only of supplying the home market, but of entering into competition for the markets of China and Japan.

THE recent riotous disturbances in the Spring Valley mining district in Illinois, in which several hundred Italians assaulted with violence the negroes employed there, are calculated to accentuate the public conviction as to the unwisdom of giving hospitality to foreigners who are incapable of appreciating law and its obligations. These Italian miners are apparently representatives of the worst element of their countrymen. They are malignant, ferocious, and utterly indifferent to those considerations of good citizenship which influence ordinary people. An illustration of their arrogance and brutality is furnished by the fact that when a large number of miners, in obedience to a summons from the coal-shafts, undertook to resume their work they were confronted on the highways by these foreign interlopers, armed with rifles and other small arms; and by the further fact that all negroes were driven from the premises under menace of personal violence. Many women were exposed to insult and abuse, and their household belongings despoiled or stolen. Incidents of this kind stir the blood of Americans, and their repetition is certain to influence public opinion in the direction of the total exclusion of aliens of the turbulent class represented by these rioters. The State authorities ought to bring to punishment every man who was engaged in these outrages, and Congress ought to erect positive legislative barriers in the way of immigrants of this undesirable character.



"This passeth year by year and day by day."

SOME four or five years ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis made his first appearance as a story-teller in *Scribner's* with his now well-known "Gallegher." Since then he has published any number of short stories and long stories, sketches of travel and adventure, and much miscellany, and has won for himself a tremendous body of readers throughout the country. But, unfortunately, Mr. Davis's readers are not very discriminating, and they stand in a fair way to ruin a once very promising and interesting young writer by accepting everything that he writes, which is a very dangerous condition to confront a young author who, from all reports, has a very good opinion of everything that he does. These remarks are begotten of Mr. Davis's last story, which is to be found in the August number of *Scribner's*, "Miss Delamar's Understudy" is the title of it, and its perusal, quite by accident on my part, beguiled by the tediousness of a railway journey, led me to wonder how much longer such tenuous and unprofitable (to the reader) stuff would find favor even with Mr. Davis's readers. He has a racy, breezy, style—but a very ungrammatical one, by the way—and has traveled a good deal and knows people—by their clothes and hats and boots and manners,—that is, superficially, and well enough to talk about them interestingly; but what he needs most is *knowledge*, for undoubtedly he is most ignorant not only of the art which he practices, but of the materials which he works with, "Men and Things." I once heard what I thought was a rather cruel and unjust epigram at Davis's expense, but perhaps if I write it here it may come to his eye or ear and have some good effect. "Davis," said the epigrammatist, "must have acquired his ignorance; he could never have been born with it!"

I often suspect the editor of the *North American Review* of being a good deal of a wag. He has a sly way of mixing specialists up and dragging them away from their own specialties to descend on those of others, of which,

nine times out of ten, they are more ignorant than the ordinary run of men. The results are edifying, and show, besides, that the business manager of the magazine is in some sort of collusion with the editorial department, for this practical joking on the distinguished specialists has a very appreciable effect on sales and the subscription-list. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is a very astute and upright politician, and a great authority on cowboys and big game, which is probably the reason he was chosen to write in the columns of the *North American* on Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," the most remarkable contribution to scientific literature during the past year. Mr. Roosevelt's misunderstanding of what he is talking about seems very complete, and when he accuses Kidd of "a certain mixture of dogmatism and superficiality" he supplies a very apt criticism of his own article, which is a hodge-podge of ill-digested scientific terms and absurd statements. It was really too bad for the editor so to pillory the ignorance of the very estimable ex-civil service commissioner. But Mr. Roosevelt is so versatile a man that it is a selfish gratification to find out that he doesn't know anything about something.

Street-cleaning Commissioner Waring has been talking and writing a good deal about people's carelessness in throwing paper and other refuse into the streets. The nuisance could be greatly abated if the plan of the Civic Federation of Chicago could be adopted throughout the city. All over Chicago large tin receptacles are attached to the lamp-posts, and passers-by are requested to deposit all paper and waste matter that usually is flung into the streets. The plan works admirably—I made a careful examination of it myself last week—and I see no reason why the street-cleaning department or some of our Good Government clubs should not arrange for something of the kind in New York.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—AN interviewer who had a half-hour's chat with Joseph Pulitzer at Chatwold, his fine Bar Harbor place, describes the millionaire editor as an amiable and agreeable man, who talked without any appearance of restraint, and politely answered every question that was put to him. Mr. Pulitzer is a distinguished-looking man, fully six feet tall, and rather slender, with a reddish beard. He is several years under fifty, and it has taken him only twelve years to build up the newspaper property that now yields him an annual income of nearly one million dollars. In the popular conception a millionaire editor enjoys a life of ease, but in the newspaper profession Mr. Pulitzer is notoriously one of the hardest working of journalists. The attention he gives to the *World* is as minute and careful as that of a managing editor. His country place at Bar Harbor, where he is spending the summer, is one of the show places of that resort.

—A recent article in the *WEEKLY* conveyed the impression that the formation of a musical library to illustrate the achievements of women composers, and to be exhibited at the coming Atlanta exposition, was suggested by Miss Ella M. Powell. The idea in question, as we are trustworthily informed, originated with Mrs. Theodore Sutro, chairman of the committee on music in New York, and all the important work in connection with it has been done by her. Having made a careful and exhaustive study of the whole subject, she has collected about four hundred exhibits illustrative of woman's work in music, and these will no doubt be one of the most interesting, as they will certainly be one of the most instructive features of the exposition.

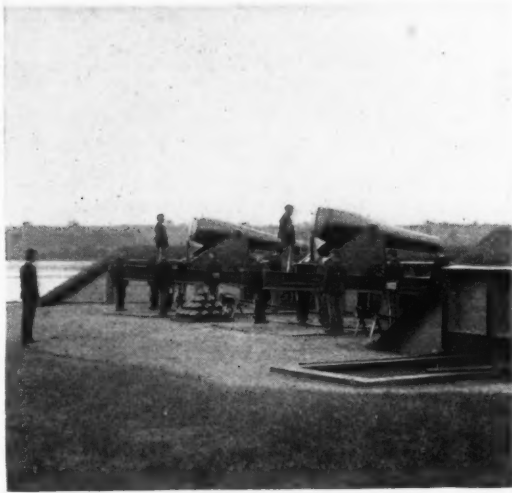
—Lafcedio Hearn, the author, is a unique and picturesque figure, mentally and physically, among American literary men. His very name is unique, in recalling the Leucadian cliff from which Sappho jumped into the sea. He is a dark and diminutive man, and used, before he went to Japan a few years ago, to wear an enormous sombrero that dwarfed his small head into insignificance. Hearn became known as an author while he was a newspaper man in New Orleans. His life in Japan agrees with him, and it is likely that he will continue to live there with his Japanese wife to the end of his days.

—The fortune of Colonel John T. North, the "nitrate king" of Peru, and probably the wealthiest man in England, exceeds one hundred millions of dollars. He is fifty-one years old, and he was a humble Yorkshire mechanic when he went out to the little town of Huasco, in Peru, twenty-eight years ago, to find employment at laborer's wages. His fortune has found an entrance for him into the charmed circle of the Prince of Wales, and his magnificent lavishness of expenditure has made him the most talked-about rich man in the kingdom.

—Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," is the Reverend Charles L. Dodgson in private life—a spare, severe, gray-headed man who has spent most of his life within university walls, and who had a reputation as a mathematician before he developed the vein of humor that has made him famous. He is about sixty years old, and amateur photography is his chief recreation nowadays.



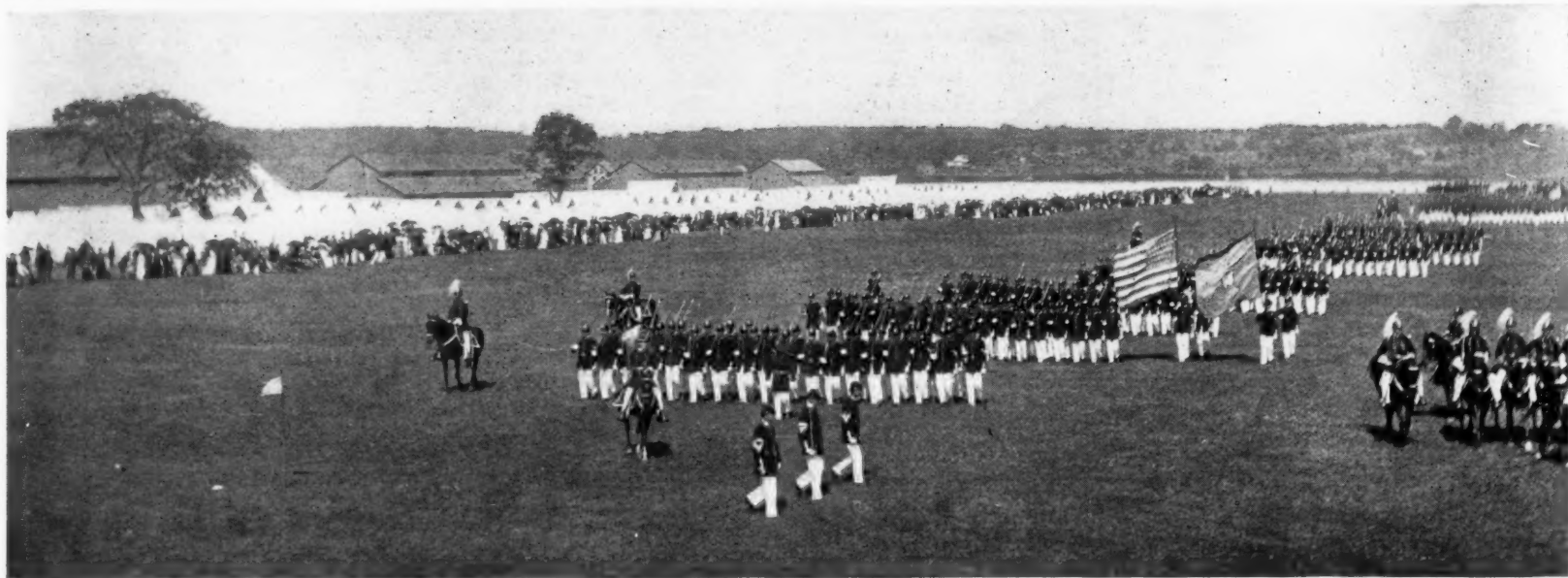
SECOND REGIMENT COLOR GUARDS.



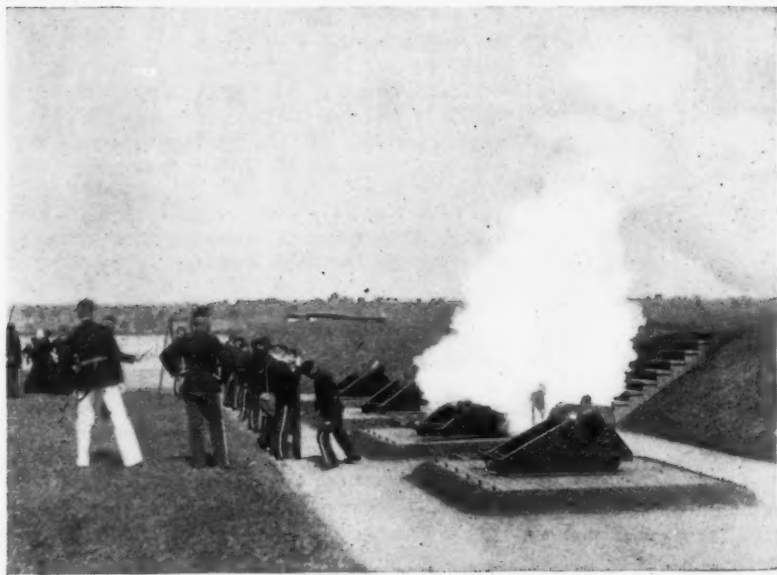
SIEGE-GUN DRILL.



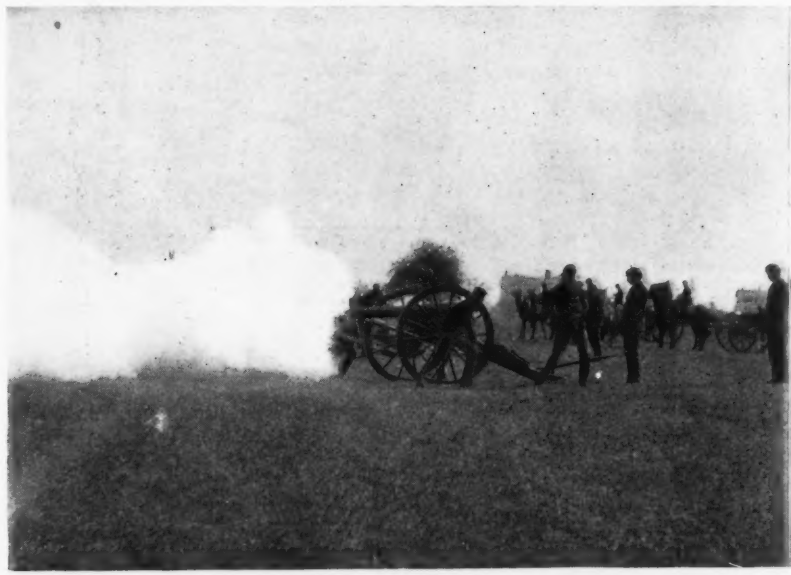
MAKING REPAIRS.



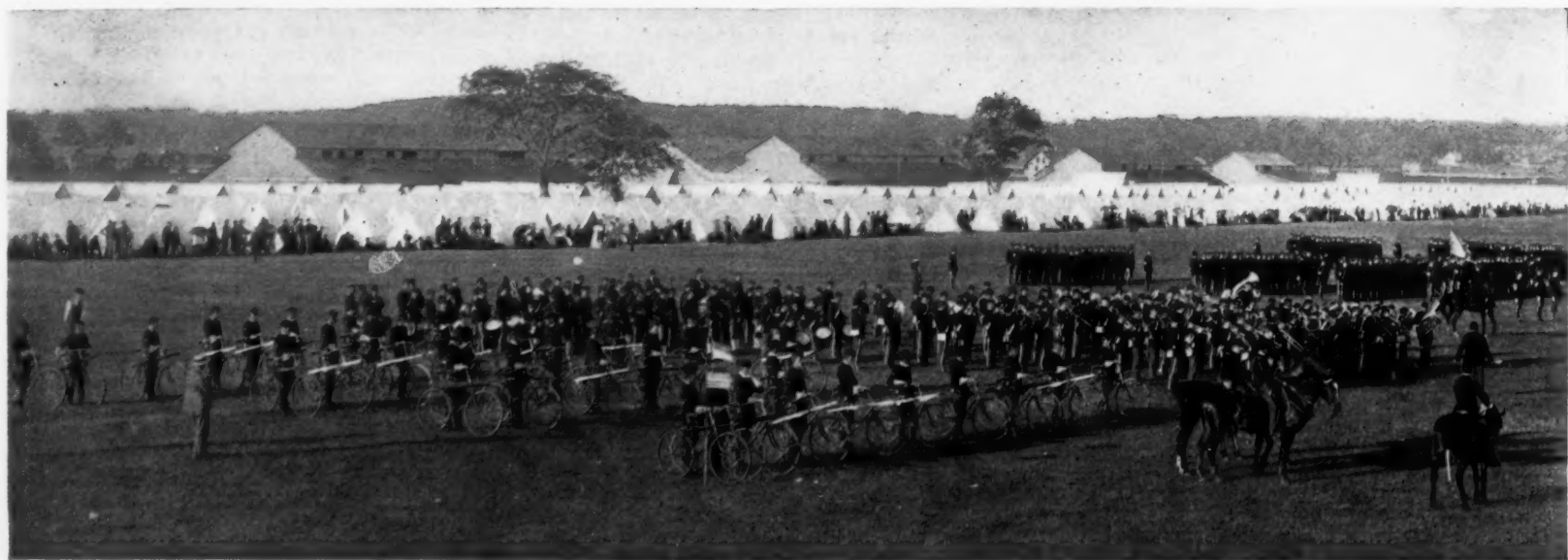
THE FOURTH REGIMENT PASSING IN REVIEW.



AT THE BREASTWORKS.



A BATTERY SKIRMISH.



THE SIGNAL-CORPS.

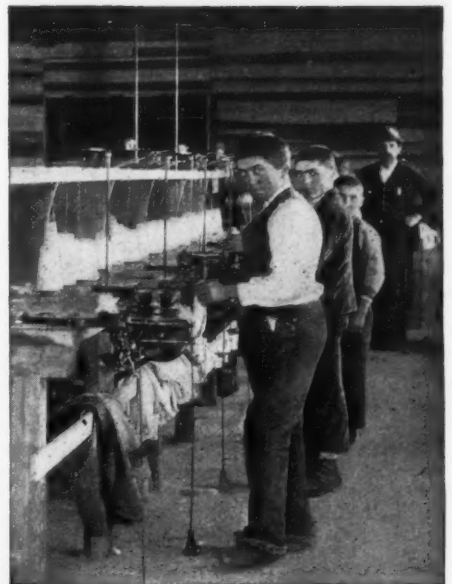
THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD AT THE STATE MILITARY RENDEZVOUS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 122]



REV. C. A. TRON, FOUNDER OF THE COLONY.



WALDENSIAN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.



IN THE HOSIERY MILL.



COLONISTS FROM PIEDMONT, ITALY.



WALDENSIAN SCHOOL AT VALDESE.



HOME-MADE HARROW.



WALDENSIAN TYPES.



WALDENSIAN WOMEN.



CUTTING TIMBER ON WALDENSIAN TRACT.

THE WALDENSIAN COLONY IN NORTH CAROLINA, FOUNDED IN 1893, AND NOW NUMBERING TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERSONS.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

When Greek Meets Greek.

(Continued from front page.)

by the tocsins of St. Roch and St. Germain l'Auxerrois and the storm-bell of St. Jacques de la Bouherie.

All day Marie had heard the rumble of the storm, with intervals of crash and riot and thunder. All day she had remained in-doors, warned by her father, and advised also by her neighbors. All day long the attack on the Tuileries. All day long the massacre of the devoted Swiss. All day long the hail of death, butchery of the defenseless, mutilation of the dead; only pausing when the day itself died out, Patriotism of the severest continuing even then to hunt its wounded game and stab it to death in ditches or drown it in the Seine.

But Marie could not know nor even guess at the horrors of that black-letter day in the calendar of the French Revolution.

II.

JAFFRAY ELLICOTT EXPLAINS.

"WHAT are you? Who are you? How did you find your way hither?" asked Marie.

"I am a poor devil, mademoiselle, and I came up the spout," he said, with an effort at a carelessness he did not feel; for he had just passed through scenes of massacre unparalleled in a civilized community.

The moon, which had been hidden by banks of clouds as portentous as those that filled the moral atmosphere of Paris, sent a cold beam of light into the apartment of the young Frenchwoman, and she saw that her visitor was a good-looking young fellow, and that he was dressed in a style something better than the bourgeois; and now that he no longer gasped for breath his voice sounded as pleasantly to her as hers to him.

"I'm a stranger," he said, "and in a tight corner. Forgive me for my abrupt intrusion. My noisy attendants have evidently given me up—for more worthy game, I hope."

"They never entered the street," said the girl; "if they had they would have made noise enough. The Rue Barnabé is not a thoroughfare, it is a *cul de sac*—a back court of old houses; it comes to an end round the corner."

"That's lucky; then they have taken the next turning, no doubt. Allow me to listen a moment at your window."

"Yes, certainly."

"You will not call out?" he said, turning upon her quickly.

"I trust you," she replied, "and therefore I remain silent."

"Thank you, mademoiselle; thank you."

He went to the window. It was low and narrow, and looked upon a ledge that in its turn gave upon a slanting roof with chimney-stacks and flower-pots.

The room was a garret, separated from other garrets by a low wall and wooden boxes, in which a few flowers and shrubs were cultivated. The house had once been one of some importance. Now it was divided up into apartments, occupied on the ground floor by the better class of the bourgeois, narrowing in the social grade as the stairway ascended until the garrets were reached; and here, beneath the picturesque, pointed roof, with its quaint balconies and ledges, dwelt poor seamstresses, a shoemaker, a washerwoman—who, however, only treated fine linen—a modeler of statuettes, and others earning their living from hand to mouth. Their rooms were cut off from each other by stone walls or wooden partitions. Taking them altogether they were a happy community, though of late they had begun to be afraid of each other on political grounds. Marie Bruyset had the best furnished and most comfortable room among the attics. It was spacious, well kept, and, though humble, with plenty of evidence of good taste.

"Thank you, mademoiselle; a thousand times thank you," said Ellicott, somewhat effusively, after listening intently for any demonstration in the street. "The wolves have passed, as you say. If you will allow me to draw the curtains over the window you may light your lamp."

"You are very kind," said Marie, in something of a sarcastic tone.

"I would like to be," said Ellicott, now almost at his ease, and breathing freely for the first time during a long and terrible day that had been literally a dance of death.

"I am sure it is very condescending of you to permit me to have a light in my own room. But you may draw the curtains."

"I accept your gracious permission," said the young fellow in his best French, and with a flourish of his cap. If it had sported a feather, the feather would have swept the floor in the most courtier-like fashion.

He drew the curtains well over the long, low, small-paned window. Marie struck the steel and blew into the tinder-box.

"Nay, mademoiselle, permit me," said the youngster, stooping over the girl and blowing,

upon the smouldering tinder, a blast that produced an almost instantaneous blaze, and the lamp was soon all aglow.

"That's how Cupid starts his flame when he finds two hearts!"

"Less stony than ours," said Marie with a laugh; "but this is no place for Cupid, and no time; Mars or the Furies are more to the purpose. But let me look at you."

She faced him, to see a lithe, well-built fellow of four or five and twenty—about her own age—with a frank, open face, a little disfigured by a bruise on the forehead and a scratch or two upon the cheeks. His eyes were gray, and looked straight into her own. His lips were firm and well-defined, his face pale with undisguised anxiety, and his dress—which bespoke the student or secretary rather than the *ouvrier*—was a good deal torn and disordered in his struggle from the clutches of the mob. Furthermore, she noticed that he was a foreigner; anyhow, she felt at once that he was not a Parisian.

"You are little more than a boy," she said, "with all the assurance of a grenadier."

Jaffray stroked his youthful mustache and smiled.

"Rather a ragged grenadier," he said; "a trifle knocked about, eh?"

"A scratch or two," she said.

"They scratched some poor wretches deeper than the marks they have left on me," he replied. "Ah, mademoiselle, it is awful to see defenseless men torn to pieces. Wolves, did I say?—but there, I must not distress you further. Can I get away by this door?"

He walked across the room and tried the only door in sight. It was locked and bolted.

"It is no good locking the door if one leaves the window open, is it?" she said, smiling.

"You had better sit down a little while. Since you have found sanctuary, give the priestess time to protect you—a few minutes at least."

"Thank you, mademoiselle," said Jaffray, still swinging his cap.

"You are not a Frenchman?" she said, placing a chair for him.

"No," he replied, seating himself, with his eye on the door.

"A Gascon, perhaps?"

"No."

"A Swiss?"

"No."

"Not an Austrian?"

"Is it very bad to be an Austrian, mademoiselle?"

"I believe it is."

"Then, my dear mademoiselle, I am not an Austrian."

"You are younger than your manners."

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"What had you done, for the people to set upon you?"

"The people, mademoiselle, is a villainous, murdering, cut-throat, blood-stained crew of sexless beasts—the people!"

"You have a graphic vocabulary, monsieur, but you would do well only to think in it; if you were older you would not use it in conversation."

"Thank you, mademoiselle; the brutes should have known me. I serve in their cause."

"Oh, indeed; then you are not an aristocrat?"

"I am an Englishman, mademoiselle. Is that worse? Then I will be an American truly, which I am."

"You have the accent of a foreigner; your manners are French."

"Thank you, mademoiselle. I feared you would think them horrible; but you are as good as you look, and forgive a rudeness that was not intentional. May I ask—have you the key to your door?"

"Yes; here it is," she said, taking up a large key from the mantel near the stove, which was fixed in what had once been a fireplace. "Why do you ask?"

"Some one passed the door stealthily a moment since," he said.

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure," Jaffray replied. "One's senses of sight and hearing are sharpened when one is hunted."

"Apprehension often makes its own sights and sounds," said Marie, stepping to the door and listening for a few moments, and then shrugging her shoulders as she remarked: "I am too near the roof for loiterers on this floor, and my character is too well known to invite surveillance."

"I noted a face near a lower window a few doors away as I caught sight of your balcony and sprang for it," he said.

"Imagination, surely, or the hue and cry would have been raised on your track."

"But you have friends here all around you, have you not?"

"I hope so—I think so," said Marie. "One assuredly who has power enough to pinch any neighbor who should venture to assail me; be assured of that, monsieur."

"I hope you may never need his aid, mademoiselle."

"Amen to that," she said; "but have no fear; you will not be molested in my room. In case of danger I have other means of concealing a friend in need; and when the moment is opportune I will escort you to the street."

"Thank you," said Jaffray, beginning to feel more and more at ease under the influence of the words and manner of his hostess, who was, however, a good deal of a puzzle to him.

"What had you done before the mob set upon you?"

"As you advise me to be cautious, may I know my questioner before I answer?"

"My name is Marie Bruyset. Many know me—everybody in the Rue Barnabé."

"It is a pretty name," said Ellicott.

"I am glad you like it."

"And if you wouldn't think it impertinent, I would add that it belongs to a pretty face, now that the light enables me to see my hostess."

"You did not care whether she was pretty or gawdy a quarter of an hour ago. Half an hour since you had never seen or dreamed of her."

"A man's a coward when he's running away. I never ran away in my life before; but I'd have run a league or two with ten times the pack behind me to have found sanctuary here. I think I must have dreamed of you in some of my fanciful moments."

"You were not very polite to the owner of the retreat."

"It was boorish, I admit, to lay my rough hand upon your mouth. I hope to atone."

"Indeed?" said the girl, with a coquettish glance from a pair of dark, roguish eyes.

"Yes," he said, smiling.

"How, monsieur?"

"May I show you?"

"No, no, monsieur," she replied, stepping backward a pace or two. "You may resume your seat and tell me all about yourself—or, what is more to the purpose, take a little refreshment, eh?"

"I am your slave," said the young fellow. "You have saved my life; do with it what you will."

"Very well. Having saved your life, I propose to maintain it with soup and wine, and then it can take itself away to those other persons who belong to it."

Jaffray Ellicott noticed in the manner of this remark a certain tone of inquiry that, had he known, the girl longer, might have been jealousy. He was half-inclined to indulge in some high-flown complimentary remark, when the thought of his intrusion upon a young girl in her own room and at night set up against it the sentiment of gratitude due to hospitality which he was too good a fellow to outrage. Moreover, looking round the haven into which he had been fortunately driven, he noticed that it was a sitting-room and bedroom in one. He was too well acquainted with the curtained alcove of French chambers not to know that the end of the room was devoted to mademoiselle's couch. The covered cabinet close by was clearly her dressing-table. For the rest, the apartment was a sitting-room, quite daintily furnished; nay more, it was also an artist's studio. This was not shown by anything marked in the way of easels and palettes; but on a large table there were colors of various kinds, in phials and saucers, sundry brushes, and several miniatures evidently in course of production. Upon the walls were a number of engravings and colored prints, and among them a portrait of the Queen, Marie Antoinette, which gave Ellicott courage.

"Then you are friendly to the Queen?" he asked, pointing to the portrait.

"I am friendly to the powers that rule," she said, opening the door of the stove, lighting a taper at the lamp, and thrusting it into the stove with a few scraps of fuel, which under the influence of a powerful draught soon began to glow, and set the *pot-au-feu* simmering.

"When did you come to Paris?"

"Years ago."

"With your father and mother?" she said, inquiringly, as she busied herself with hospitable arrangements for his supper.

"With General Lafayette and Deputy Grébaud," he said, in a reckless outburst of confidence. "They found me at Washington."

"Found you?"

"A Philadelphian who had fought at Valley Forge under General Lafayette had befriended me. I told him my story. He offered to take me to France and provide for me. The Citizen Deputy Grébaud sailed in the same ship from New York, took a fancy to me, the Philadelphian had been a schoolmaster, I was only sixteen, and Monsieur Grébaud made me his clerk."

"The Deputy Grébaud?" said Marie, in a tone of something like pity.

"Yes."

"You liked him better than General Lafayette?"

"No; but Monsieur Grébaud evidently liked me better than the general did."

"And you came from America?"

"Ten years ago."

"And your father and mother? Excuse my questions; you interest me, monsieur."

"My father and mother, alas! were massacred in the Revolutionary War, as I suppose I shall be in this French imitation of the colonial insurrection."

"Heaven and the Blessed Virgin protect you!" said the girl, crossing herself.

"Amen!" said Jaffray. "But heaven and the saints did not help us over yonder. I was only a lad of six or seven, so it didn't matter much to me then; but since! I'm glad you have a father and mother mademoiselle."

"I have no mother; but here is something that is mother and father also when the heart is low and the knees are weak," she said with a laugh that was not spontaneous. "There is hope and courage in a glass of wine, and you need both," she went on, as she drew the cork from a bottle of red wine and poured out a full tankard.

Jaffray watched her with greedy eyes. He had not been bold enough to say that he was faint with hunger and thirst.

"Drink, it will do you good; you have turned pale," she said.

"Your health, mademoiselle!" he said, "and God bless you!"

He emptied the tankard and smiled.

"Here is bread, help yourself; and here is soup—make your supper."

She cut a loaf of bread in two, and ladled from the pot a steaming basin of soup. He fell to it with a will. She watched him with undisguised interest.

(To be continued.)

An Americanized Russian Minister.



PRINCE MICHAEL IVANOVITCH
KHLIKOFF.

THE portrait given here-with is that of Prince Michael Ivanovitch Khilkoff, recently appointed by the Czar Minister of Ways and Communications, which means that on him will devolve the task

of completing the gigantic railroad enterprises inaugurated during the reign of Alexander III., including that greatest of them all, the Trans-Siberian line. As his face somewhat indicates, Prince Khilkoff is in many respects an Americanized Russian, and owes his present position to the practical experience he obtained while working many years ago in the humblest capacity on the railroads of this country.

Prince Khilkoff comes of an old Russian noble family. Born late in the 'thirties, he entered the corps of Imperial Pages in his teens, and in 1853 received his appointment in the Guard. After serving several years he started on a trip around the world, accompanied by his former tutor, Mr. Zimmermann. It was on this occasion that he first visited the United States, and so profoundly was he impressed by American institutions that when, upon his return to Russia, he found the family fortunes seriously impaired as a result of the emancipation of the serfs, he decided to cross the Atlantic a second time in search of the opportunities denied him at home. These early struggles in a strange land, the language of which was unfamiliar to him, he has pathetically described in an autobiography published some years ago. He first secured work as a fireman on the Erie road, and presently rose to be assistant engineer. While in this capacity he learned of the demand for locomotive hands in South America, and succeeded in obtaining passage to Peru on a South American coaster. He met with many disappointments at the outset of this new venture, but in course of time, by dint of perseverance and fidelity, was promoted from fireman to assistant engineer, from that to chief engineer, and finally to superintendent of the rolling stock.

He now bethought himself of the old country, with its huge area and paucity of railroads, and determined to return and devote his services to its welfare. Still, with the idea of perfecting his knowledge in the profession he had adopted, he stopped on his way back for a whole year at Liverpool, working as an ordinary mechanic in a locomotive machine-shop.

The story of Khilkoff's brave fight against adversity preceded him to Russia, and his return was marked by an immediate appointment as superintendent of the Kursk-Kieff Railroad. He filled this post honorably for several years, and was afterward transferred to the more important Moscow-Riazan line. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out he was placed in charge of the Empress's special "Red Cross" train. Khilkoff's greatest service to his country consisted in his superintendence of the

construction of a short line of railroad extending from Michaelovsk on the Caspian Sea to Kizil-Arvat, which enabled General Skoboleff to transport the Russian forces to Geok-Tpe, the great Akhal-Turcoman stronghold. It was thus that the foundation was laid to the Trans-Caspian Railroad, now an accomplished fact.

Bulgaria was Khilkoff's next field of activity. His ability as an executive caused him to be invited by Prince Leopold's government, in 1882, to accept the portfolio of Minister of Ways and Communications and of Commerce and Agriculture. He performed his onerous duties in a manner to win the regard of all political parties, and when, in common with other Russian officials, he surrendered his post after the *coup d'état* of Philipopolis, the regrets of the entire Bulgarian people followed him into retirement. The Prince has since distinguished himself in many ways, notably as Anuenkoff's right-hand man in the extension of the Trans-Caspian Railway to Samarcand, and he has also held the position of inspector-general of the entire Russian railway system. All accounts agree that he is a man of broad views and untiring energy, and the prospects are that he will do his utmost to hasten the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. From this to the establishment of a line of steamers between Vladivostock and San Francisco there is but one step, in the opinion of many modern Russians, who thereby hope to see a tightening of the bonds of sympathy that unite their country to the United States. Khilkoff is said indeed to be an enthusiast in favor of a Russo-American alliance, but feels that such a result can only be attained through the development of the commercial relations of the two countries and the creation of common interests. V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

A Unique Seaside Resort and Its Founder.

THE most conspicuous figure in Asbury Park is Senator James A. Bradley, who in 1870 owned all the land on which the town has since been built. He is now about sixty-five years old, and is still in the full vigor of a ripe manhood. Some writers have complained that the type known as the self-made man is growing comparatively scarce in America, and that picturesque characters are rarer now than formerly. In Senator Bradley, at all events, these writers will find a self-made man who is interesting. Shrewd, sincere, and earnest, he is distinguished by an originality almost as admirable as that of Abraham Lincoln or Horace Greeley. For, be it remembered, this man started in life as a farmer's boy, and was apprenticed to a brush-maker.

Although Mr. Bradley has sold a great part of the square mile of land on which Asbury Park stands, he has retained the title to its mile of beach, which is the town's most attractive feature, and to make it more attractive he has built and keeps in repair a broad board-walk that extends the whole length of it. At frequent intervals there are pavilions and summer-houses, with chairs and wooden benches for the comfort of the visitor.

From seven o'clock in the morning until nightfall a dark-bay horse may be seen attached to a modest top-buggy, in which sits a sleepy colored boy, waiting at one point or another of the long beach for the indefatigable old man who is always overseeing this most remunerative of his possessions. The value of this beach consists mainly in the income derived from its two thousand eight hundred bath-houses, which are grouped about the five pavilions scattered along the beach.

The Asbury Park beach is like no other beach in the world. One reason is that the owner guards it well in the interests of his guests. Uniformed policemen, in Mr. Bradley's pay, keep order. Bathing-masters patrol the beach, two and two. The speculators who rent camp-chairs and umbrellas for ten cents a sitting, and the fakirs who amuse the children with weighing-machines, phonographs, and kinetoscopes at one cent a turn, pay well for their privilege, and are under thorough discipline.

Perhaps in no other respect is the Asbury Park beach so distinguished from other beaches as in its quaint decorations, many of which bear inscriptions composed by the founder himself.

One of the most conspicuous objects at the lower end of the beach is the image of a soldier, made of zinc and painted green. This martial ornament is mounted on a curiously-constructed pile of brown-stone slabs, and seems to be gazing out to sea as though waiting, like the rest of us, for his ship to come in.

Back of him, on the greensward, and looking in the opposite direction, stands the image of a scantily-clad boy, clasping a sheaf of gleanings. Tradition does not tell what this sea-urchin represents. During the last Memorial Day exercises Mr. Bradley had these images surrounded with a row of unostentatious potted plants.

There is a considerable stretch of grass plot

between the board-walk and the brick bicycle-path along the beach, and that portion of it which is south of the fishing-pier is adorned with three tall zinc images, painted white, representing spring, autumn, and winter. The effigy of summer is missing—a strange circumstance for a popular summer resort.

On the same grass plot there is a freak of nature, consisting of a natural growth of branches and roots in the shape of a distorted Thames River bull-dog. Mr. Bradley noticed the resemblance one day when his men were clearing the woods west of the town, and he had a wood-turner make a suitable head for the monstrosity, which, when completed, was ugly enough to delight the pious heart of a Chinese idolater.

The fishing-pier is rendered more attractive by the presence of an empty lion-cage on wheels, which, a placard announces, is "a plaything for the children." This cage was part of the equipment of Daniel Boone's circus, which was stranded in Mexico. Mr. Boone owns a house on Bradley Beach, a couple of miles away, which he purchased of Mr. Bradley, and when the circus business collapsed, the founder, who will buy anything if it is a bargain, took two of the lion-cages for two hundred dollars. When new they had cost two thousand dollars. The other cage serves a similar purpose on the other side of the town.

All along the beach are worn-out surf-boats and sail-boats, which are kept painted in bright colors, making very appropriate ornaments. Asbury Park is a favorite place for conventions of all sorts, and as these are of advantage to the town, it is the custom before one meets for Mr. Bradley's sign-painter to take his paint-pot and change the names of some of these boats to suit the occasion. Such names as "The Editor" and "The Wheelman" bear record to recent conventions of these sorts and conditions of men. A dentists' convention was to have been the next on the programme, and it is not impossible that before these lines are printed, the fickle sail-boat *Editor* may have changed her name to the *Laughing-gas*.

One of the noteworthy buildings on the beach is a pretty cottage built on piles, about half a mile north of the fishing-pier. It has a little front yard of planking about six feet above the sands, which is fenced in neatly. A placard conveys the information that it was the former home of a newspaper artist who witnessed and illustrated many battle-scenes during the late war. The placard does not state the fact that the tenant occupied this only residence on the beach through the generosity of the owner, who, after the old artist's decease, decided to keep it open with a warm stove and an attendant, as a refuge for ladies and children in case of sudden storms.

At the entrance to this cottage stands a queer old-fashioned hand-pump, a relic of volunteer fire-department days, and on either side of it is painted the information that its name is Old Washington, and that it formerly did duty in Brooklyn and afterward in Ocean Grove, and is now "a plaything for the children."

Perhaps the most curious adornment of the beach is a granite gravestone, or, rather, monument, such as is to be seen in any cemetery, which stands on the board-walk about a block above the artist's cottage. This shaft is without any carved inscription, but a paper framed in pine and printed by a local printer, bears this announcement:

"Near this spot the large packet ship *New Era* was wrecked in 1854. Over three hundred persons lost their lives. This monument is erected to commemorate the zeal and energy of Governor William A. Newell, of New Jersey. As Congressman he succeeded in getting a law passed establishing the United States Life-saving Service. And, also, to commemorate the fidelity of the life-saving crews whose efficiency renders such a disaster at this day almost impossible. The monument will be suitably inscribed later on."

The stone shaft has an iron rail around it, and about the rail have been laid several yards of old iron anchor-chain.

"I am not quite satisfied with this monument," said the founder, recently. "I think I shall have some piles sunk into the sand nearer the water's edge, and on that foundation I will erect a taller monument, suitably inscribed and decorated with a pair of duplicate life-saving medals which I have had struck off by the government for that purpose."

Nothing could be more appropriate as a sea-side monument than the simple column erected at the foot of Seventh Avenue, in commemoration of the wreck of the *Mary F. Kelley*. This shaft is the bowsprit of the wrecked vessel trimmed off at the top to a pyramidal point. It bears an elaborate inscription in Mr. Bradley's best style.

Scattered about the town are a number of granite disks of great size, which are used as seats by the visitors. These were the bases and capitals of a row of massive columns which used to adorn the entrance to the old Dutch Church on Lafayette Place, New York. When the church was torn down the columns reposed

for a while in the yard of a second-hand building-material dealer on the East Side, where Mr. Bradley found them, and purchased them at the price of building-stone, seventy-five cents a cubic foot. The granite columns were broken up for building material by another purchaser.

The founder of Asbury Park is a frequent visitor to the yards of the second-hand building-material dealers, for he is always on the lookout for bargains. When the Catholic cemetery was established on the hills west of the town Mr. Bradley sent the local priest to New York to inspect a stone group representing the Two Marys at the Cross, which had for years been awaiting a purchaser in the yard of a dealer in second-hand building material. The group had been one of four which had adorned the pediment of a church just back of Dr. Parkhurst's church on Twenty-fourth Street, and the dealer had at first held them for one thousand dollars apiece, but had gradually lowered his price. Three of the groups had gone to adorn a Catholic cemetery at White Plains, and when the Asbury Park priest expressed his pleasure with the last one, Mr. Bradley purchased it for him at an expense of one hundred and twelve dollars, loaded on a flat car in Jersey City.

This incident illustrates Mr. Bradley's freedom from religious bigotry. He is an admirer of the teachings of Dr. Felix Adler, and one of the old row-boats on the beach bears the name of the great liberal teacher. However, Talmage is to hold forth in the Asbury Park auditorium this month, and perhaps in honor of his coming the row-boat may be converted to orthodoxy and bear the Brooklyn preacher's name for a while.

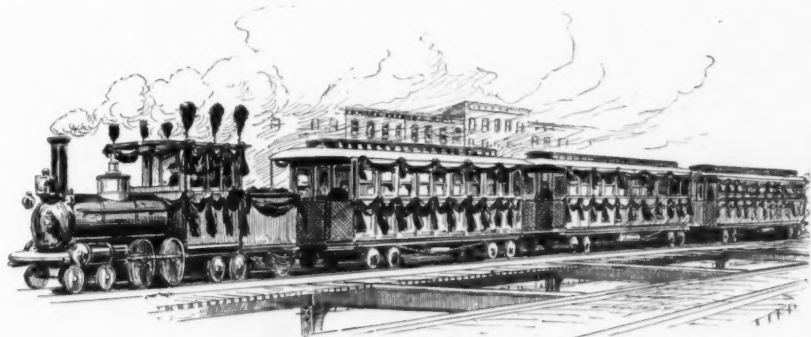
One of the principal spectacular events of the season at Asbury Park is the baby parade, which usually occurs in August. This year's parade, which took place on the 10th instant, was perhaps the most successful ever held. Over seven hundred babies appeared in the procession, which was gorgeous with flags and fantastic devices of every sort. Thus an infant negro baby rode in a watermelon float; another innocent, a baby girl, in a car all pink paper frills and ruffles and roses, and yet another in an all-white carriage, with white doves circling around it, arranged on spirals. The procession was headed by a company of little lads in blue, sleeveless bathing-suits and caps

area of about twenty acres, and has been tastefully and regularly laid off into streets and building-lots, the latter held in trust to be sold for the benefit of church and school. Originally the colony was a corporation, but recently it was determined to divide the lands among the individual colonists; and when this is done each family will own from forty to one hundred acres. The Waldenses are an agricultural people, and their chief occupation will be the cultivation of the soil, the growing of cereals, and the culture of fruits and grapes, which they thoroughly understand. Moreover, the gathering of tan bark, the cutting of timber, and the sawing of lumber will afford remunerative occupation to many of them, and a saw-mill, owned by the corporation, already gives regular employment to a considerable number. A hosiery mill has also been established at Valdesse, which turns out a considerable weekly product. Educational facilities are provided for the children, and they are rapidly acquiring the language of their adopted country, as well as French and Italian, both of which they are taught to read and speak early in life. The colonists have their own local pastor, the Rev. Barth. Soulier, who lives at Valdesse. He is a young man of pleasant manners, good address, and earnest spirit, and wholly devoted to the interests of his people.

The future of this colony of earnest men and women, who are strong in their religious faith and love of liberty, cannot be doubtful. Freed from the limitations which hampered and harassed them in the land from which they came, they will make their way into the larger and more fruitful life which is alone possible under the conditions afforded by American institutions and laws.

The L Funeral-Train.

THE hearse must go. The present style of funeral cortège in New York has been regarded by all burial reformers as one of the most expensive and inconvenient features of a funeral. A hearse and a single carriage cost fifteen dollars, and the expenses of a funeral cortège sometimes mount into the hundreds. Some of the well-to-do Italians pay as much as five hundred dollars for carriages. The priests in many instances have looked upon these shows as intolerable displays of vulgarity and



PROPOSED L FUNERAL-TRAIN.

with white bands on which was inscribed, "Light Infantry." Besides the string of perambulators there were a large number of floats bearing groups. One represented Priscilla and John Alden, with a spinning-wheel one hundred and fifty years old; another depicted the life-saving service, with a barefoot lad sitting in sand, waiting an opportunity to rescue some one in distress. The parade was witnessed by some twenty-five thousand onlookers from the neighboring towns. Senator Bradley was never, perhaps, more thoroughly happy than on this occasion.

GEORGE M. SIMONSON.

The Waldenses in North Carolina.

WE give on another page a number of illustrations of the colony of Waldenses in the Piedmont section of North Carolina. This colony was established in 1838, when twenty families under the leadership of their Italian pastor, the Rev. C. A. Tron, a man of marked business capacity and signal enterprise, landed in this country and took possession of the colonial property, a much larger number following a few months later. The colony now numbers about two hundred and fifty souls, some fifty heads of families. They are in the vigor of young manhood and womanhood, one-third of the whole number being under ten years of age. The colonial property lies some eight miles east of the town of Morgantown, the county seat of Burke County, and on the line of the Western North Carolina Railroad. The land is well adapted to the culture of the vine, wheat, tobacco, and corn. It is also well wooded, and will afford the colonists a variety of industries. The village of Valdesse, the post-office of the colony, is a station on this railroad, covers an

vanity, but no one had offered a solution of this feature of the question until President Uhlman, of the Brooklyn L road, asked why the people could not go by rail to the cemeteries.

Mr. Uhlman has conceived the funeral-train, and, fortunately, has the means to run it, and will do so as soon as he can equip his stations with elevators for lifting coffins to the trains, and make connections with New York through all the ferries to Brooklyn. There will be a hearse-car for the coffin, attached directly to the locomotive, and one or more passenger-cars for the mourners and their friends. These cars will all be painted, draped, and upholstered in black, the wood of black mahogany and the seats covered with black velvet. But all the cars are to be alike and uniform in price. One car will accommodate thirty or forty people, will represent a large funeral, and yet will be made cheap enough for one lone mourner and his friend.

The Brooklyn L roads at this moment terminate near all the large cemeteries, and complete extensions will soon be built to them, so that funeral-parties will have no need for hearses and carriages once they are dismissed at the ferries. Mr. Uhlman says his funeral-trains will reduce both the time and expenses involved in a funeral cortège by one-half. But under existing conditions his plans can be applied only to Brooklyn and the New York ferries, unless co-operation can be had with the surface-car roads in New York. The New York L roads have but one close connection with Brooklyn, and that is by the bridge, over which it is not at this time practical to run a funeral-train. But all persons who desire to dismiss the hearse and carriages at the ferries will be given the opportunity. If the New York undertakers make opposition the funeral surface-car is to be brought into service. DAVID F. ST. CLAIR.



MONUMENT TO THE PACKET SHIP "NEW ERA."



THE FAMOUS BOARD-WALK



FOOT OF SEVENTH AVENUE, TAKEN FROM ARTIST'S COTTAGE.



SENATOR BRADLEY, FOUNDER OF THE PARK.



"LIGHT INFANTRY" FORMING INTO LINE AT THE HEAD OF THE BABY PROCESSION.



BABY-CARRIAGE BRIGADE.



SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.



DRYING THEIR LOCKS AFTER BATHING.



MONUMENT MADE FROM BOWSPRIT OF THE "MARY E. KELLEY."

A UNIQUE SUMMER RESORT AND ITS FOUNDER—THE ANNUAL BABY PARADE AT ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.—[SEE PAGE 119.]



TORCHING FOR HERRING IN IPSWICH BAY, MASSACHUSETTS.—DRAWN BY A. W. BOUTLER.—[SEE PAGE 122.]

A Russian Meteorological Observatory.

METEOROLOGICAL observatories are divided into classes according to the completeness with which they permit the observation of atmospheric conditions. An observatory of the first class is one in which the meteorological elements of temperature, rainfall, wind, etc., are either

observations include the meteorology of the air and of the ground, and the earth's magnetism.

The amount of labor necessary to carry on the work can be imagined from the statement that every day the readings of fifty-eight different thermometers are made, and some of them require to be observed several times during the day.

Just as this article is in preparation, information is received privately that Director Wild



METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY AT PAWLOWSK, RUSSIA.—MAIN BUILDING.

directly observed hourly, or continuously, or at very short intervals, by means of automatic self-recording instruments. It is only within recent years that such observatories have been established in the United States, but in Europe some have been in existence for about half a century.

In America, where the observatories are either in rented buildings or in government buildings used also for other purposes, and where weather signals are displayed for the benefit of the community, there has been a tendency to get the observatory up as high and in an as exposed location as possible. An extreme case of such an observatory has been shown in the illustration of the weather-bureau office in New York given in a recent issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. These observatories labor under one disadvantage, that some of the self-registering instruments used are of the cheapest construction, and do not furnish records with the minute accuracy demanded by modern science.

Turning now to Europe, we find two styles of observatories prevailing. In the one the method of detached buildings is adopted, and the residence quarter for the observers is kept separate as far as possible from the purely scientific department. Such an observatory is the one at Pawlowsk, near St. Petersburg, Russia, and which we shall briefly describe in this article. Another form is that in which one huge building is constructed, and which contains the observatory, computing-rooms, and residence for the observers. Such is the new observatory at Potsdam, near Berlin, a short description of which may be given at another time.

The Constantine Observatory, so named after the late Grand Duke Constantine, who gave a portion of his beautiful park at Pawlowsk as a site for the establishment, has undoubtedly been the finest observatory in the world, ever since its foundation nearly twenty years ago. Its excellence is due to the following circumstances: About 1867 Dr. Heinrich Wild was called from Switzerland to assume the position of director of the famous central physical observatory at St. Petersburg, and to become head of the Russian meteorological service. Director Wild is undoubtedly the highest authority in the world on the subject of the construction and methods of using meteorological and magnetic instruments, and he at once introduced advanced methods into the systems of work which he found already established. It was nearly ten years, however, before the desire of his heart was accomplished—viz., the building of a great observatory at some distance from the city, where the environment should be as perfect as possible for making meteorological and magnetic observations, and where the most refined observations could be made, and studies looking toward the betterment of apparatus and methods could be carried out. He wished, in fact, to found a model observatory, and he succeeded.

During its existence scientists from nearly all of the great countries of the globe have made a pilgrimage to this observatory to study its equipment and methods, and its important features have been widely copied.

The time of five scientists and observers, and as many other employes, is occupied in the work of the observatory, which includes not only the making of the regular observations which are published in *extenso* annually, but also special researches, reports of which are published in "Wild's Repertorium für Meteorologie" and in the "Proceedings of the St. Petersburg Academy of Science." The

has, owing to advancing years, tendered his resignation at St. Petersburg, to take effect on September 1st, when he will return to his native country, Switzerland (to Zurich), where he will occupy himself with scientific work unencumbered with administrative cares. He will leave behind him in Russia a noble monument in the Constantine Observatory at Pawlowsk.

FRANK WALDO, PH.D.

The Arrest of Counterfeiters.

THERE is probably no branch of the public service which is more useful and efficient than the secret-service division of the Treasury Department. This service has to do with depredations upon the treasury in the form of counterfeiting and frauds upon the internal revenue, especially in connection with the liquor and tobacco industries. It is composed of experienced and expert detectives, several of whom have been identified with it for over a quarter of a century, and have made a study of criminals and criminal practices, particularly those of counterfeiting. Most of the counterfeiters of the country are brainy, crafty, courageous men, always alert and watchful, and their detection is only possible when men of equal sagacity and fearlessness of character and purpose are set to do the work of running them to cover.

The recent arrest in this city of the Brockway gang of counterfeiters illustrates the efficiency and the methods of the secret-service force. These officers had been engaged for over two years in pursuing these offenders. Often baffled, they never for a moment abandoned their vigilance. The leader of the gang had been carefully shadowed, and others had been located, long before the blow was struck. When discovered and arrested they had in their possession fraudulent five-hundred-dollar gold certificates, counterfeit Canadian money, counterfeit bills and coin of different denominations, and a complete plant for carrying on their operations, including plates and fibre paper. No plant of equal magnitude and so complete in every detail has been captured for several years. The paper used in printing notes is said to have been even superior in quality to that used by the government.

The head of the gang, William E. Brockway, has long been known as the cleverest and most skillful counterfeiter of the time. His career is perhaps the most extraordinary in the literature of criminal practice. Starting in life as a printer, he subsequently learned engraving, and then, becoming an expert, took a special course in electro-chemistry in Yale. The technical knowledge thus acquired he applied to the production of electrotypes. From the very first his counterfeitings were of the highest order. In one case ninety thousand dollars of government bonds of a certain issue got into the government vaults before any suspicion was aroused as to their character. In another case he counterfeited a considerable quantity of six per cent. United States coupon bonds. Arrested and convicted, he was sentenced to prison for thirty years, but managed to arrange a compromise with the government. Being caught again, he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to Sing Sing for five years. He was discharged in 1887, and, so far as now appears, has never repented himself of his evil courses, notwithstanding the repeated promises of amendment made by him to the authorities.

It is a little surprising that while this man

has been for forty years the most dangerous sort of criminal, and an almost constant source of fear and anxiety to the officials charged with protecting the currency from fraud, he has somehow managed to escape the punishment he deserved. Even when in prison the government detectives have been unable to relax their vigilance, as he managed by some means to direct the operations of outside counterfeiters and forgers.

Next to Brockway, the most important member of the group recently arrested was Dr. O. E. Bradford, who had managed to escape suspicion, being nominally engaged in dentistry. Subsequently to his arrest, he unfortunately managed to elude his captors, and at this writing is still at large. Other members of the gang are of less consequence, but are all expert and skillful in their particular line.

The arrest of these persons is of great importance to the government, as it will check the depredations of criminals whose activity has been a constant menace to the treasury. Important as it is, however, it is felt that until the outside accomplices of the counterfeiters have been arrested, full immunity will not be assured in this particular. It is well understood that the prominent counterfeiters of the country have relations with outside parties of good standing in society, who see to the issue and circulation of the money and the fraudulent government and corporation securities made by them, and the capture of these is of the very highest importance. But unless some of the persons now under arrest shall become informers, as is not probable, it is hardly likely that these equally guilty parties will be discovered and made to suffer the penalty due their crimes.

The Connecticut National Guard.



SLIPPING gradually back from the shores of Long Island Sound and backed by a range of low hills, in the quaint old town of Niantic, lie the camping-grounds of Connecticut's militia, known officially as "The State Military Rendezvous," where once a year, in a camp named either for the Governor or adjutant-general of the State, takes place the mobilization of the State's citizen soldiers, the

Connecticut National Guard. Nature evidently realized that troops as good as these should have a model camp-ground, and Nature certainly did her part when she provided the one at Niantic. As we pass through the main gate we see the guard-house, and a glimpse of the barred cells within tells us that there is more than one incentive in camp for us to be "good" soldiers. Passing on down the road that leads by the quartermaster's store-house into camp, the eyes are greeted with a scene that makes every soldier's blood tingle with delight when he realizes what this sight means to him. There, stretching away for a third of a mile, are rows upon rows of clean white tents, of the "A" pattern used in the army, and between them and the tents of the general and his staff across the field, a long, level plateau covered with short green grass, a miniature prairie in fact, which is swept by the cool, salt-water breezes of Long Island Sound.

Here is encamped annually Connecticut's entire brigade of militia, consisting of over twenty-seven hundred men. There are four regiments of infantry, one battery of light artillery, one machine-gun battery of four pieces, Connecticut's famous signal-corpse, bicycle mounted, and the first and second separate companies, colored. When we say that this brigade is commanded by Brigadier-General George Haven, we also give the reason why Connecticut's soldiers are known as the best in the country. The four regiments of the brigade are commanded by such soldiers as Colonel Charles L. Burdett of the First; Colonel Augustus C. Tyler of the Third, a graduate of West Point; Colonel Russell Frost of the Fourth; and Colonel Lucien F. Burpee of the Second, who is the eldest son of the late Colonel Thomas Burpee, who gave his life to his country while leading

his regiment, the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, at the Battle of Cold Harbor.

Reveille, which begins the day's work, and generally ends the night's fun, sounds at 5:45 in the morning. Then comes the breakfast-call at 6:30, followed by police-call at 7:00. From breakfast time until guard-mount at 9 A.M. each first-sergeant is occupied in getting his guard detail ready, all the time cherishing the hope that one of his men will be selected by the adjutant at guard-mount as the colonel's orderly for the day.

Friday is "Governor's Day," a day on which every man feels "Who wouldn't be a soldier?" and his actions prove that he thinks he would, and is. The ceremonies of Governor's Day are such that they bring the sight-seer out in force. He comes in on excursion-trains, on his bicycle, walks in, rides in, and a great many from the surrounding farming district hitch up the "mare" in the "spring-wagon" and come in with the "wimmin' folks." To the tax-payer who says this all costs money, and amounts to nothing but playing soldier, let me say that he must know that we have as playmates the best men that this State has produced, and that had such organizations as the Connecticut National Guard existed at the time of Lincoln's proclamation, a few brigades of men thus disciplined and equipped would have been sufficient to restore to his country the peace he so much desired. LIEUTENANT HENRY B. CARTER, Second Connecticut.

Violation of the Thirty-second.

"Any soldier who absents himself from his troop, battery, company, or detachment, without leave from his commanding officer, shall be punished as a court-martial may direct."—32D ARTICLE OF WAR.

The moon shone over the old parade,
(The sentry walked Post No. 3.)
'Twas after taps, and I sought the shade
So none of the wakeful guard should see.
I dodged the sergeant making his round,
And listened, intent, 'neath the maple-tree,
Then—out o'er the fence! with a break and a bound.
(And the sentry walked Post No. 3.)
Oh, sweet is the face of the fair, full moon,
(The sentry walked Post No. 3.)
And sweet are the scents of a night in June,
With the breezes flitting along the lea;
But there, where the rose bush shines with dew,
The fairest and sweetest of all is she—
The lassie with eyes of love lit blue!
(And the sentry walked Post No. 3.)
A flutter of skirts in the glamorous night,
(The sentry walked Post No. 3.)
And my heart flared up like the signal-light
That ships show out on the silent sea.
A kiss, and a word of the boy-god's lore,
And with fingers twining away walk we
With the luminous world of love before.
(And the sentry walked Post No. 3.)
In the gray half-light of the glimmering dawn,
(The sentry walked Post No. 3.)
Through the dew and the chill of the lonely lawn,
I steal into quarters quietly;
And lo! with a flurry of shrill delight,
The bugles are blowing the reveille—
And none is the wiser! and all is right!
(And the sentry walked Post No. 3.)

PRIVATE WILL STOKES.

Torch-fishing for Herring.

WE give on page 121 a striking picture of torch-fishing for herring in the waters of Ipswich Bay. The typical torching dory usually requires a crew of three men, one standing in the bow to dip the herring, while the other two manage the boat, which is a large centre-board dory from eighteen to twenty-two feet long, with flat bottom, specially designed for this method of fishing. Cotton-batting saturated with kerosene oil is used in the torch, producing a fierce and brilliant flame, the bows of the boat being protected from the flames by a zinc shield on each side. Some fishermen, even in a good breeze, prefer to rely on their oars for speed, but the sprit-sail is generally used in conjunction with the oars.

Ipswich Bay is an excellent fishing-ground, when the herring strike in late in September and October. A fleet of dories from Annisquam, Lansville, and other fishing-villages that line the shores of the bay, give them chase, the boats with their torches as they flit about presenting a most novel and interesting spectacle. It is on dark nights, with an overcast sky, that the fishermen make their biggest hauls, and great is the excitement when a large school is struck. The fish literally pack together under the brilliant light of the torch, their heads just above the water, enabling the sturdy fishermen to speedily fill their dories, which they do sometimes to the danger-point in their eagerness and excitement, and in a number of instances the boats have sunk under them.

Immediately upon landing, the herring are transported in wagons to Gloucester, where they are promptly purchased by dealers, and by them sold again to fishing-vessels fitting out for the Banks, where this species of herring is used for bait.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Mr. Willard's Action in Withdrawing "Vigilant."

MR. E. A. WILLARD, who in the absence of George Gould has been racing *Vigilant*, in the capacity of trial-horse, against *Defender*, saw fit on August 6th to address a letter to the regatta committee of the New York Yacht Club, formally withdrawing *Vigilant* from races set down for the Thursday and Friday following. This withdrawal was based upon an *honest conviction*, to wit, that *Defender* had failed on two separate occasions to observe the rules governing yacht-racing, and in thus failing had forced *Vigilant* to give way in order to avoid a collision—and so based was *justified*, and should be upheld by fair-minded men. Whether or no Mr. Willard's action was entirely in accord with the facts, which seem to be as many as the sands on the beach at Newport, signifies nothing.

This does, however: Mr. Willard, his sailing-master, Charles Barr, and Edmund Fish, an amateur of good standing and an assistant on board, are sincere in the belief, to them a cer-



MR. EDWARD A. WILLARD.

(By courtesy of Brooklyn Life.)

tainty, that in standing for the line as they did they had the right of way, and in being forced to relinquish an evident advantage they were unlawfully treated. It is their contention that by holding on, as they had every right to do, they would have cut down *Defender*. In view of these facts, Mr. Willard acted justifiably, and his spirit of independence in refusing to be ridden over, even by those in command of the prospective cup-defender, must be admired.

As Mr. Percy Chubb, owner of the Watson cutter *Queen Mab*, remarked for publication, "The racing rules are all we have to go by, and by all means let us live up to them." And there are quite as many yachtsmen who will back up this sentiment as there are to applaud Mr. Willard's protest and subsequent withdrawal.

According to Captain Haff, who handled *Defender*, the *Vigilant*, in the second race off Sandy Hook, July 22d, where the first alleged foul was committed, while at first having the right of way, lost claim to it later by bearing away for the line; that is to say, so long as she held her course close-hauled she had the right of way, but this right would be forfeited by the turning of the wheel one spoke. Captain Haff claims that Barr really did so manipulate the wheel. In fact, he saw him do it; hence his subsequent action in keeping *Defender* going and forcing *Vigilant* to luff under her stern. On the other hand, Charlie Barr, Mr. Willard, and his helpmates, all of whom were better able to judge the turning of a spoke than others yards away, declare that *Vigilant* did not bear away toward the line, but held true to her course until a collision seemed imminent.

The question, then, resolves itself into one of veracity, as to whether or no *Vigilant* bore away toward the line as Haff declared she did, and the regatta committee, by ruling that Mr. Willard was unwarranted in withdrawing *Vigilant*—according to their opinion no rules of racing having been violated—grant the palm of honesty to Haff. This seems pretty rough on Mr. Willard, who unquestionably took his stand with sincerity of purpose, and inspired only with the feeling that he was being ridden over rough-shod, without any regard whatsoever for the rules which should govern to the letter all match races.

Mr. Willard does not believe that *Vigilant* is a faster boat than *Defender*, and his protest for fair play has been based upon the pretty firm foundation that practice-sailing should conform to actual race-sailing, and that those rules

which must hold when *Defender* meets *Valkyrie III.* should be observed now for practice and as a means of safety from disqualification when such might mean the loss of the cup.

Mr. Willard, however, in spite of the failure of his protests, has agreed to have *Vigilant* at the line to start in the regular trial races off Sandy Hook, which have been set for August 20th and 22d, and, if need be, the 24th.

SUCCESS OF AMERICAN BOATS ABROAD.

Niagara, Howard Gould's twenty-rater, continues to show the way to the boats of her class in English waters, thus glorifying the name of her designer and builder, Captain Nat Herreshoff, to the evident discomfiture of British designers, who seem absolutely incapable of building even a ten-rater able to sail within gunshot distance of *Dakota*, another Herreshoff boat. In a recent race sailed during Cowes regatta week, *Niagara* ran away from a large field and finished thirteen minutes and twelve seconds ahead (elapsed time) of *Audrey*. The question naturally suggests itself—as a result of the evident superiority of the Herreshoffs in boats of medium and small size—how can there be any doubt of *Defender's* ability to beat the world, particularly when it is considered that *Defender* represents absolutely the very best work, the most careful thought and attention of the Bristol genius? While *Niagara* and *Dakota* were the creations of a moment, *Defender* is the result of a lifetime of work wherein trouble has not been spared and no ideas have been kept up the sleeve.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION OF "DEFENDER."

Lewis Nixon, formerly naval constructor in the United States Navy, and now ship-builder at the Crescent ship-yard, Elizabethport, New Jersey, ventilates his opinion of the coming *Defender-Valkyrie III.* races for the America's Cup to the effect that *Defender*, unless she shows a very marked improvement, will surely be beaten by her English rival. Mr. Nixon arrives at this opinion from a comparison of the *Vigilant-Defender*, *Vigilant-Britannia*, and *Britannia-Valkyrie III.* races. Assuming that *Britannia* is a faster boat than *Vigilant*, and knowing by recent trials that *Defender* has been unable to make as good a showing against *Vigilant* as *Valkyrie III.* did against *Britannia*, he arrives at a conclusion which can have little value from the very fact that no allowance is made for *Vigilant's* greatly improved form over that of 1893 and 1894. This fact is generally conceded, and it seems funny indeed that Mr. Nixon, who superintended the alterations—to wit, the placing of inside ballast to the extent of some thousands of pounds on her keel bottom, and the cutting of her forefoot some eighteen inches in depth, should not base his argument upon a like assumption. Now Captain Haff and other experts who saw the *Vigilant-Britannia* races last year were of the opinion then, and are now, that *Vigilant*, over a decent cup course, was from five to seven minutes faster than *Britannia*. *Vigilant's* improved form this year is conservatively placed at three minutes. From these figures we glean this conclusion: granting the *Defender* to be faster than *Vigilant* by eight minutes, which is a fair estimate, *Defender* is a faster boat than *Britannia* by eighteen minutes. Now *Valkyrie III.*, in her races with *Britannia*, never showed herself an all-around better boat than *Britannia* by eighteen minutes. And there you are; and what is more, the mass of yachting experts are of the opinion that *Defender* later on will show herself better than *Vigilant* by at least ten minutes over a cup course, and in the subsequent races with *Valkyrie III.* defeat her, barring accident or fluke.

THE YALE-CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC MEETING.

Manhattan Field has been finally settled upon for the international college track and field games scheduled for October 5th. The time is yet weeks off, still the feeling is becoming more pronounced daily that the English adventurers to our shores have an excellent chance of winning. Their sprinters, Bradley and others, have been doing marvelous time in the English meetings, and seem unbeatable save by such a flyer as Crumm; and Richards, who will run for Yale, is not a Crumm by any means.

While a certain few look with satisfaction and equanimity on the meeting, the majority of sport-loving Americans do not exactly like the evidently too-ready disposition upon the part of those managing the Yale end of the affair to grant everything to insure a match where the granting means almost the gift of an event to an English champion. From the arranging of conditions to govern an American cup contest down to a game of tennis, this same

readiness upon our part to bow to the Englishman, showing an evident wish to give away everything in order to insure a match, is manifest. It may be years—in the event of the present policy being pursued—before an English athlete will of his own accord challenge an American, or a tennis crack come over here without being asked. It took, by the way, five years or more of entreaty to finally get a player like Pim to visit us. In truth, we are altogether too eager for our rightful independence.

It is a pretty difficult matter to speak definitely of the entire galaxy of stars sure to wear the Mercury foot on the day of the games, for additions may be made any day up to the very last moment. The reported acquisition of Crumm, the intercollegiate champion sprinter of 1895, seems to be founded on fact; and despite champion high-jumper Sweeney's repeated statements to the effect that he would not represent the New York Athletic Club, it seems pretty certain at this writing that he will. Comment is unnecessary on the acquisition of two such stars, for, in form, they should make sure of points in two events at the least.

Will hammer-thrower Barry represent the London Athletic Club? This question is a much mooted one, particularly among certain members of the New York Athletic Club who, among a number of New-Yorkers outside of the club, are alleged to hold the great athlete's I. O. U.'s from five dollars up, the sum total ranging into the thousands. These debts, it is said, were contracted when Barry visited America some few years ago, making quite a stay, on the strength of his hammer-throwing, shot-putting, and stories of the wealth of his father as a racing man in England. The majority of those interested in Barry's return to America are of the opinion that he will come to the conclusion at the last moment that a change of climate will not prove beneficial, and will stay behind in consequence.

W. T. Bull.

Summer-resort Entertainments.

A NEW form of entertainment at our fashionable summer resorts, introduced during the present season, consists in open-air operatic and theatrical performances. At Saratoga fifteen hundred persons witnessed the production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" on the lawn of the Grand Union Hotel, and at Lake George the pastoral comedy-opera "Dorothy" was successfully presented by a company numbering one hundred performers. The performance was given on the lawn of the Lake House, where a stage was erected with one thousand electric lights and all the necessary accessories. The scenes, set amid the trees and shrubbery, were peculiarly realistic, the village inn, nestling in the foliage, presenting an actual picture of rural life. These open-air entertainments afford a pleasing diversion to sojourners at the summer resorts, and are unquestionably more wholesome and elevating than the frivolities which too often engage the attention of very many of these pleasure-seekers.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

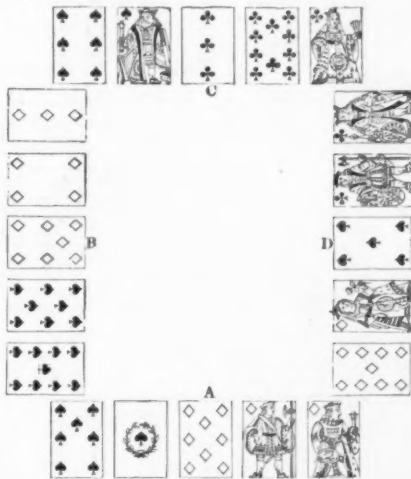
CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 28 proved, indeed, to be a very confusing bit of whist strategy, and baffled many solvers, who gave various solutions without discovering the proper defense for B. For instance, A leads trumps, which D captures and leads spades to A, who then leads jack or king of hearts, which B should not take. The proper way to win three tricks is as follows: A leads spade, B heart three, C heart nine. A then leads heart jack, B the ace, C trumps. D takes the trick and leads spade, B over-trumps A, but loses two tricks in hearts. Correct answers were received from Messrs. O. Barnett, E. F. Bruce, C. D. Cook, W. Deane, G. Earl, A. Forsythe, Fort Schuyler, C. N. Gowen, P. Green, C. F. Holly, G. Hazzard, M. C. Isbel, G. Kelly, A. Korn, C. Leland, C. F. Moore, H. Mangus, C. Nefuss, B. Orr, J. W. Russell, R. Rogers, E. F. Seward, A. L. Porter, G. Thorn,

J. Tanner, C. F. Ulman, G. Viele, W. Vreeland, W. R. White, G. W. Wales, C. B. Wash, and W. Young.

Here is another specimen of fine play, given as Problem No. 33, which will puzzle the average whistite:

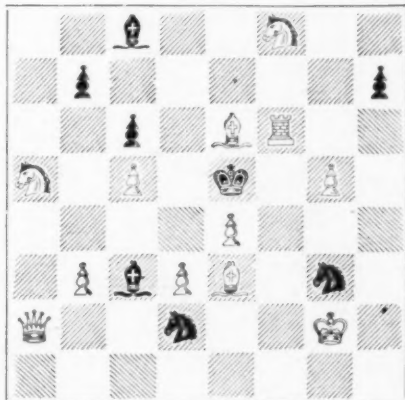


Trumps all out. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks?

The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 28. BY A. J. CONEN.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 25. BY LA MOTHE.

White.
1 Q to Q R 2.
2 Q to Kt mate.

Black.
1 Kt to K 3.

This problem, which was remarkable more for its brilliancy and artistic rendering than for difficulty, was correctly mastered by Messrs. G. R. Macnamara, A. J. Conen, A. C. Cass, J. G. Schaefer, Dr. Baldwin, W. L. Fogg, A. Hardy, Z. Corner, T. Stout, G. T. Williams, C. P. Moore, T. Hazzard, R. Morris, A. W. Hall, C. V. Smith, G. M. Ross, R. G. Fitzgerald, F. C. Nye, E. H. Baldwin, W. E. Heyward, W. Ellsworth, and T. Hunt. All others were incorrect.

The Seidl Society of Brooklyn.

For a piece of pure, unselfish missionary work, coupled with a high purpose and devotion to the cause of art, commend us to the enterprise of the Seidl Society of Brooklyn. This is an association of ladies of wealth and refinement of our sister city, under the presidency of Mrs. L. Langford, who have banded themselves solely for the advancement of the cause of music.

For the last four years, through the instrumentality of this organization, the excellent orchestra of Mr. Seidl (than which none better exists in the country) has given a series of summer concerts at Brighton Beach. Imagine yourself in a large, barn-like hall, seating about two thousand people, situated directly upon the beach, so much so that the wild waves vigorously assert themselves upon the foundations of the building, often furnishing a sonorous bass, while a colony of swallows who have made their home in the top of the building twitter a brilliant obligato. The music is always of the very

(Continued on page 126.)

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

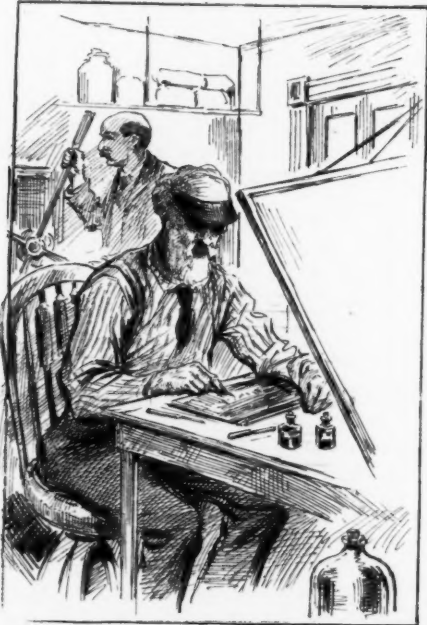
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

WILLIAM S. WAGNER LEAVING DR. BRADFORD'S OFFICE.

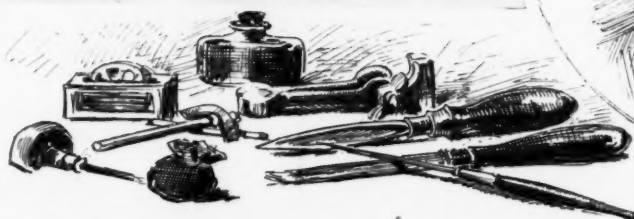
WILLIAM E. BROCKWAY AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GANG IN WEST HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.



THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.



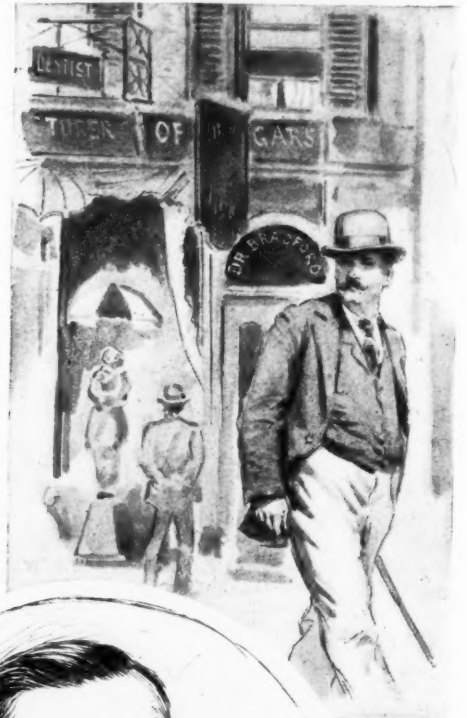
BROCKWAY AT WORK IN THE COUNTERFEITERS' DEN.



BROCKWAY'S TOOLS.



DR. O. E. BRADFORD, A PRINCIPAL IN THE "COMBINE."



THE RECENT ARREST OF THE BROCKWAY GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBATÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 122.]



SUMMER-RESORT OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENTS—PRODUCTION OF THE COMEDY-OPERA OF "DOROTHY" ON THE LAWN OF THE LAKE HOUSE AT LAKE GEORGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

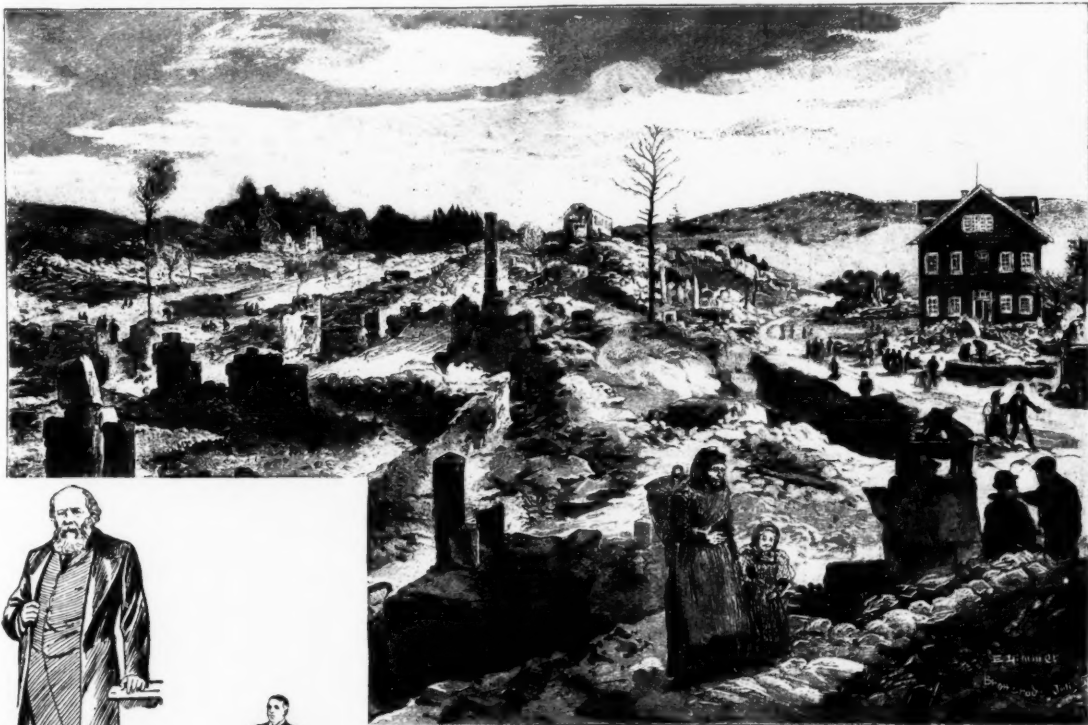


THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA—A SPANISH HOSPITAL.

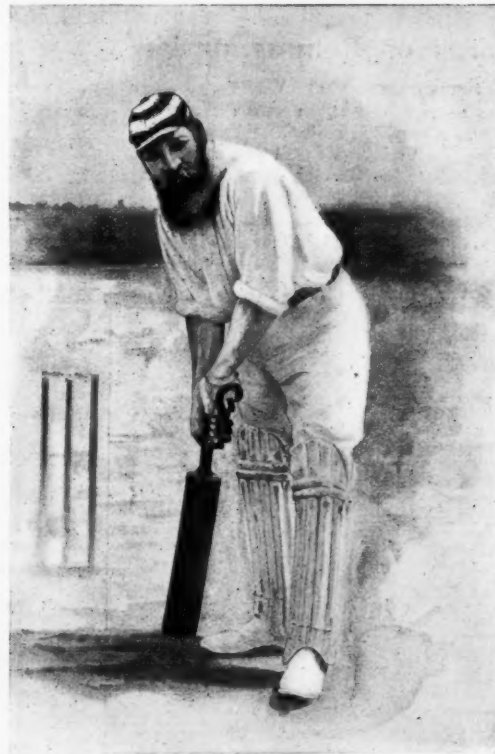
La Ilustracion Española y Americana.



A SPANISH HOSPITAL CLINIC IN CUBA.



RUINS OF THE TOWN OF BROTHERODE, GERMANY, RECENTLY OBLITERATED BY FIRE.—*Illustrirte Zeitung.*



"W. G." (W. GRACE), THE CHAMPION ENGLISH CRICKETER.
Black and White.

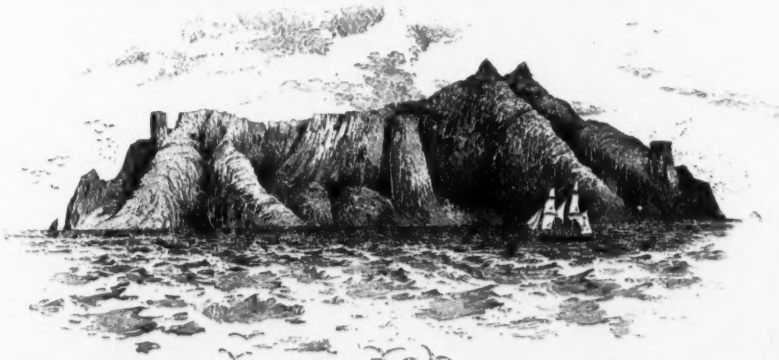


1895.
Marquess of Salisbury (including 71 Liberal Unionists) .. 411
Lord Rosebery (including 88 Farnellites and Anti-Farnellites) .. 268
Unionist majority .. 143

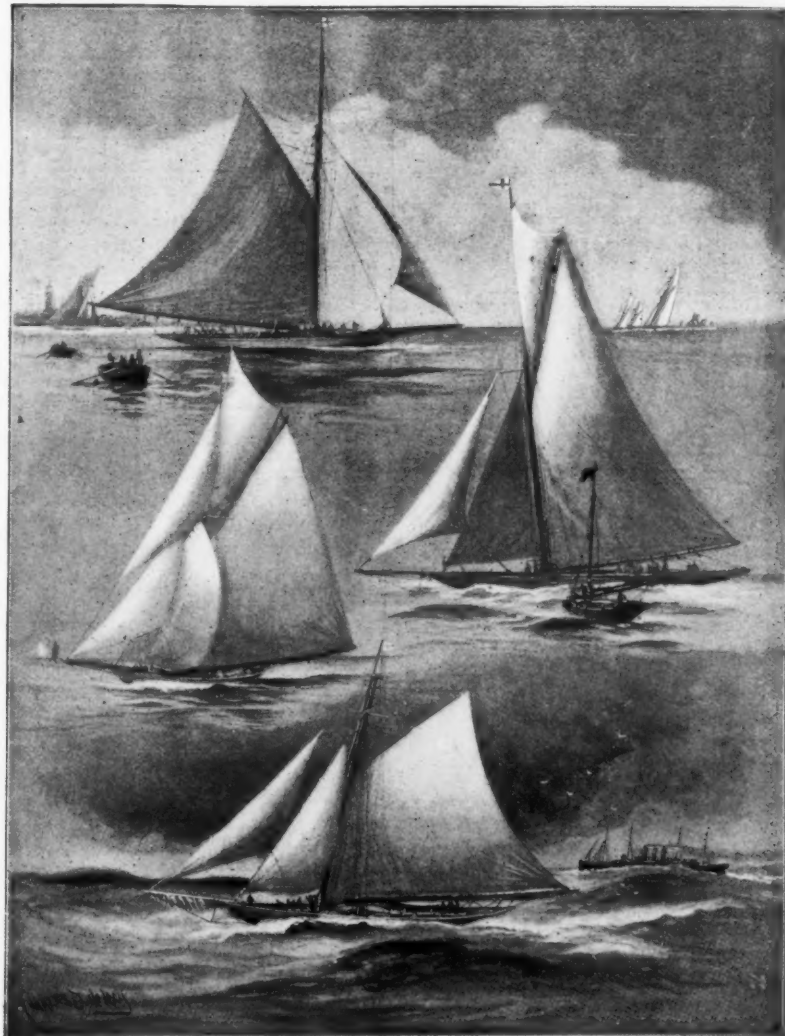
THE BIG AND LITTLE OF IT.
London Daily Graphic.



AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER: "WHERE IS HE?"—*London Daily Graphic.*



THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD, CLAIMED BY BOTH GREAT BRITAIN AND BRAZIL.
Illustrated London News.



1. Getting under way. 2. Under racing topsails for a light breeze. 3. Rigged for a stiff sailing breeze. 4. Crossing the Atlantic.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT "VALMYRIE III."—*Illustrated London News.*

Luxurious Snuggness.

"I HAVE just come from Chicago to St. Paul," writes a gentleman to a New York friend, "on the Chicago Great Western Limited Express, occupying a compartment in one of their new sleepers, and if you want to realize what I call luxurious snuggness, travel by this line when you come on next week. You understand the compartments cost no more than berths in ordinary cars, and why they don't is the mystery. The one I occupied was finished in vermilion wood, the one adjoining in mahogany, and so on through the car. The panels are covered with brocade plush, with carpets and curtains to match, and a folding lavatory—the most unique thing you ever saw—is all your own. The ventilation, too, is perfect. When you decide upon the date you will leave Chicago write F. H. Lord, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, and tell him to reserve the space desired for yourself and family. Remember, the train you want leaves Chicago at 6 P.M., and supper is served in the dining-car on the café plan. You reach here at seven thirty-five next morning."

Words of Commendation.

A CORRESPONDENT at Wichita, Kansas, writes us as follows: "In your issue of July 18th was a very able editorial, 'Tendencies to Lawlessness,' which was used by a very prominent minister in this city in his courageous fight against the nullification of the prohibitory law of our State. If more journals of your untold influence would take the same loyal stand for law there would soon be less lawlessness. May your good work prosper."

NATURAL domestic champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

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It leads the world of travel in all things—In comfort, safety, luxury, and speed; It introduced block signals, and all else Tending to give, with safety, quickest time; The vestibule, electric lighting, baths, Ladies maids, barbers, stock reports, buffets, Typewriters, dining, and observation cars—In short, "The Pennsylvania Limited." It gives to all desiring privacy, Compartment cars equipped par excellence. It is the shortest, quickest, best of lines From North and East to South and West. Hours from New York to Chicago, 23; Cincinnati, 21; St. Louis, 29. Others may emulate, but equal none. THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA.

"GOOD SPIRITS."

THE words have different meanings to a spiritualist, a Kentuckian, and an average man. For the average man good spirits depend on good digestion. How to insure good digestion? A Ripans Tabule after each meal; that's all.

TWENTY drops of Angostura Bitters impart a delicious flavor to cold drinks. Dr. Siegel's is the only genuine.

CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

THE Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 28, North River, foot of Murray Street. Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 17th.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

FEED THEM PROPERLY

and carefully; reduce the painfully large percentage of infant mortality. Take no chances and make no experiment in this very important matter. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has saved thousands of little lives.

In the warerooms of Sohmer & Co., 149-155 East Fourteenth Street, the reader will find instruments that cannot be surpassed, and the purchaser is perfectly assured of getting the best article in the market at a very reasonable figure.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address: MR. THOMAS BARNES, lock-box 626, Marshall, Michigan.

SHE MEANT IT.

"I WOULDN'T be discouraged," said Culbertson to his friend Tillinghast, who was fretting over Miss Gaskett's refusal of his offer of marriage. "A woman's no often means yes." "This one didn't," replied Tillinghast, disconsolately. "She said no as though there were an exclamation-point after it."—Judge.

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Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day.—Shakespeare.

AND SO, TOO, OF THE SKIN
THE STATE AND INCLINATION
OF THE PERSON.

CONSTANTINE'S Pine Tar Soap.

if used regularly, greatly improves the complexion and brings the skin to a healthy state. This accomplished, the inclination invariably is toward its constant use thereafter for the Toilet, Bath and Nursery.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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Cup, while

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damp sea air our ladies'
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

or you may get a cheap substitute that will require taking out after the dress is worn.

See that what you buy is stamped with letters like this



Fibre Chamois

The Seidl Society of Brooklyn.

(Continued from page 123.)

finest, especially during the season of the Wagner festival, when the hall is crowded with an audience which attends for the real love of music. If we understand correctly, money has been lost each successive season, and the deficit has been cheerfully made up by individual members of the society.

We are pleased to learn, however, that during the present season there has been an increased attendance, and the prospect is so encouraging as to warrant the belief that the season will be one of financial success. F. B. S.

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Each of the city ticket-offices of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad in New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco is an Information Bureau—thirty-one in all.

Complete information in regard to rates and routes for reaching the principal health and pleasure resorts of America can be obtained free; also information regarding principal hotels at such resorts, their rates, accommodations, etc., etc.

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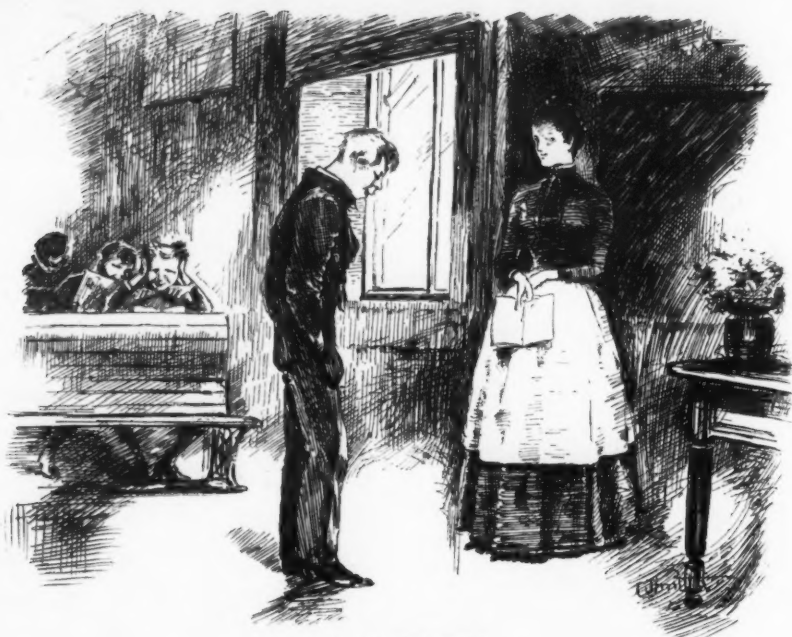
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A BAD STARTER.

THE TEACHER—"You've not advanced very far, have you?"

THE NEW BOY—"I'm so darned bashful, marm, I don't dare 'step a foot nigher to ye."

Always Appetizing.

At times when you relish nothing,
a cup of Bouillon made from

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

restores the appetite, gives a feeling of comfort and drives away fatigue. Its making is the matter of a moment. Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. Send for our little book of "Culinary Wrinkles."

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LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISE-
MENT IN THE *City Record*, commencing on the
16th day of July, 1895, and continuing for nine
days thereafter, of the CONFIRMATION of the
following assessments:

TWELFTH WARD—Edgcombe and Bradhurst
Avenues, Fencing, between 142d and 143d Sts.;
Lexington Avenue, Sewers, between 99th and 103d
Sts.; also sewer in 102d St., between Lexington and
3d Aves.; 101st St., Fencing, between 2d and 3d
Aves.; 105th St., Regulating, etc., between Boul-
evard and Riverside Ave.; 108th St., Flagging, etc.,
at southeast corner of 3d Ave.; 127th St., Sewer,
between Boulevard and Riverside Ave.; also, sewer in
Claremont Ave.

TWENTY-SECOND WARD—Amsdam Ave., Sewer,
west side, between 83d and 85th Sts.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—Boston Road, Sewer, be-
tween 166th and 169th Sts., with Branch Sewer in
168th St.; Brook Ave., Paving, etc., between Bronx
Kills and 156th St.; Elton Ave., Re-regulating, etc.,
between 161st St. and Brook Ave.; Franklin Ave.,
Sewer, between 167th and 168th Sts.; Locust Ave.,
Regulating, etc., between 132d and 138th Sts.; Low-
ell St., Sewer, between Brier and 3d Aves., with
Branch Sewers in Morris Ave., 140th St., and Col-
lege Ave.; 157th St., Sewer, between Southern
Boulevard and Willow Ave.; 144th St., Paving, be-
tween 3d and Brook Aves.; 147th St., Paving, be-
tween 3d and Brook Aves.; 147th St., Paving, be-
tween Brook and St. Ann's Aves.; 150th St., Regu-
lating, etc., between River and Walton Aves.; 157th
St., Paving, between Railroad Ave. east, and 3d
Ave.; 158th St., Paving, between Railroad Ave.
east, and Elton Ave.; 164th St., Sewer, between Bos-
ton Road and Trinity Ave.; Prospect Ave., Sewer,
between Westchester Ave. and 164th St.; Ogden
Ave., Sewer, between Birch and Orchard Sts.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—Hampden St., Regu-
lating, etc., between Sedgwick and Jerome Aves.;
Vanderbilt Ave., East, Sewer, between 173d and
174th Sts.; Webster Ave., East, Sewer, between
174th and 175th Sts.; Webster Ave., Sewer, between
164th St. and Moshulu Parkway.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York—Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, July 20th, 1895.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISE-
MENT IN THE *City Record*, commencing on the
30th day of July, 1895, and continuing for nine (9)
days consecutively thereafter, of the Confirmation
of the following assessments:

TWELFTH WARD—Dyckman St., Regulating, Grad-
ing, etc., from Hudson River to Exterior St.; 92d
St., Sewer, between West End and Riverside Aves.;
166th St., Sewer, between Amsterdam Ave. and
Edgcombe Road.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—Brown Place, Sewer, be-
tween Southern Boulevard and 134th St.; Eagle
Avenue, Regulating, Grading, etc., between 149th
and 163d Sts.; Kelly St., Regulating, Grading, etc.,
between Westchester and Prospect Aves.; 138th St.,
Regulating, Grading, etc., between Railroad Ave.
east, and Madison Ave. bridge; 144th St., Regu-
lating, Grading, etc., between Mott and 3d Aves.; 149th
St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between Railroad
Ave. east, and Morris Ave.; 150th St., Regulating,
Grading, etc., from Morris Ave. to Railroad Ave.
east; 160th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between
Franklin Ave. and 167th St.; 169th St., Paving,
Curbing, etc., between Franklin Ave. and Boston
Road; Union St., Sewer, between Lind and Nelson
Aves.; Wales Ave., Regulating, Grading, etc., be-
tween 151st St. and Westchester Ave.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York—Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, July 30th, 1895.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISE-
MENT IN THE *City Record*, commencing on the
31st day of July, 1895, and continuing for nine (9)
days consecutively thereafter, of the Confirmation
of the following assessments:

TWELFTH WARD—159th, 166th, and 167th Sts.,
Opening, from their present easterly terminus to
Edgcombe Road; 180th St., Opening, from Amster-
dam Ave. to Kingsbridge Road.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York—Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, July 31st, 1895.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISE-
MENT IN THE *City Record*, commencing on the
1st day of August, 1895, and continuing for nine
(9) days consecutively thereafter, of the confirma-
tion of the following assessments:

TWELFTH WARD—160th, 162d, 164th, and 165th
Sts., Opening and acquiring title to, from the pre-
sent easterly terminus of each of the aforesaid
streets, to the westerly line of Edgcombe Road.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department—
Comptroller's Office, August 3d, 1895.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISE-
MENT IN THE *City Record*, commencing on the
6th day of August, 1895, and continuing for nine
(9) days consecutively thereafter, of the confirma-
tion of the following assessment:

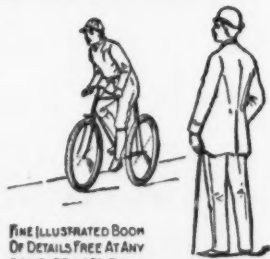
TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—Bainbridge Ave., Open-
ing, from Southern Boulevard to Moshulu Parkway.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department—
Comptroller's Office, August 7th, 1895.

NOTICE.—Estimates for Medical Baths, Bellevue
Hospital, will be received by the Department of Public
Charities and Correction until ten o'clock A.M.,
August 21st, 1895.

For full particulars see *City Record*.
G. F. BRITTON, Secretary.

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